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- Art. I. 1. *Journal of a Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic*, crossing the Andes in the Northern Provinces of Peru, and descending the River Marañon or Amazon. By Henry Lister Maw, Lieut. R.N. 8vo. pp. xvi. 486. Price 12s. London. 1829.
2. *Journal of a Voyage to Peru: a Passage across the Cordillera of the Andes, in the Winter of 1827, performed on Foot in the Snow; and a Journey across the Pampas.* By Lieut. Charles Brand, R.N. 8vo. pp. xvi. 346. London. 1828.
3. *Rough Notes taken during some rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes.* By Capt. F. B. Head. 12mo. pp. xii. 322. Price 9s. 6d. London. 1828.
4. *Sketches of Buenos Ayres and Chile.* By Samuel Haigh. 8vo. pp. xviii. 316. Price 12s. London. 1829.

IF it be true, that Geography is a science but little attended to in this country, if we have no Geographical Society and no Malte Brun, the materials for completing and correcting our scientific systems, the substantial accessions to our topographical knowledge, which have been so rapidly accumulating upon our hands, have been obtained chiefly by the enterprise of British travellers. Not a quarter of the world, scarcely a kingdom in any corner of the globe, can be mentioned, which has not been traversed, within the last twenty years, by some adventurous British officer, or reconnoitered by some British missionary. It must be admitted, that all our Travellers have not been Humboldts or Hebers. A very large proportion have been but slenderly qualified to turn to the best account their opportunities for observation and inquiry. But there is a redeeming feature in the slightest and most superficial of the numberless journals and sketches with which the press has teemed; and that is, the unpretending good sense which may, we think, be fairly set down as a national characteristic, and which well atones for the absence of more shewy qualities. An English traveller

is generally a matter of fact man, who makes it his business to see with his own eyes, not caring much what other eyes have seen the same things before him; and, as he draws but little upon either his memory or his imagination, we can the more securely trust to his unvarnished report. He may not be more veracious than the mercurial Frenchman, but we can better trust to the accuracy of his observations and the fidelity of his impressions. He may not always know what to look for, but we feel sure that what he saw, had an actual existence. If he blunders in catching the names of men and things, he does not alter them for the sake of euphony. His accounts of battles are not bulletins; his descriptions are not rhapsodies. Mud huts, in his pages, are not cottages, nor are hills, mountains. In fact, we look to an English traveller for at least genuine information, and are not often disappointed.

The first volume on our list is peculiarly interesting, as containing the account of a route of which we have no more recent description than that furnished by M. Condamine, who descended the Amazons in the year 1743. Lieut. Maw was not aware that he had been so far anticipated in his enterprise. Being about to return from Lima to England in Nov. 1827, he was given to understand, he says, that a route across Peru, and down the river Marañon (or Amazons), though little known, was supposed to be practicable; and he was told, moreover, that the British merchants on the coast were anxious to obtain information respecting the countries of Interior Peru. Ambitious to obtain, or at least to merit distinction, our naval officer resolved, if his superior officers would give their consent, to make the attempt at his own expense. Some persons would have persuaded him, that the passage was scarcely more difficult than a journey from London to Edinburgh, while the majority of those to whom he mentioned his intention, denounced the undertaking as rash and impracticable. All that he could infer from these contradictory accounts, was, that the passage was possible, and that information respecting the countries in the route, was particularly desirable. Having, therefore, obtained the sanction of his superior officer and of the Peruvian authorities, he determined upon the enterprise.

At Truxillo, from which his journey into the Interior commenced, Lieut. Maw was fortunate in obtaining a companion, —an English merchant of the name of Hinde, who was master of the Spanish language, which he himself knew very imperfectly. After leaving Truxillo, the route ascends the valley of Chicama northward and eastward, and passes over several ridges, the roots of the Cordillera, till it at length ascends to the elevated *pampa* or table land of Caxamarca. It is reported to have been from the hot baths about a league to the eastward of this

city, that the last Inca was carried on a throne of solid gold to meet the treacherous Spaniard. This throne is believed to have been thrown by the Peruvians into the crater of the boiling springs. On the 17th of December, our Travellers left Caxamarca, and on the following day, ascended a second cordillera. Near the summit of this ridge, they began to fall in with numerous springs on all sides of the mountains. A small circle of trees and brushwood marks the position of each spring; and their waters uniting, form mountain streams that rush along the valleys, ultimately flowing into the westernmost branch of the Amazons. Several hollows were noticed, which have the appearance of craters. From the summit of a third ridge, the first sight was obtained of the Marañon. Nothing on earth or water, Lient. Maw says, could exceed the grandeur of the scenery. The rain was clearing off, while a perfect and brilliant rainbow extended across the river, here about sixty yards in breadth, and rushing between mountains, the summits of which were hidden in the clouds on which the extremes of the bow rested. After crossing the river, the Travellers ascended a third very rugged pass leading over the highest ridge of the Andes that is crossed in this route. The descent was by a staircase path, down which the mules jumped, rather than walked; at the foot of which was a rich valley clothed with fine grass, fern, and butter-cups, and watered by a small, but not rapid stream, recalling the scenery of England, except that there were no signs of cultivation. The road now followed for several leagues a river formed by the junction of some mountain streams, and named, from its stone bridge, the Rumichaca; and then turning more to the N.E., ascended a wooded ridge leading to 'the city of Chachapoyas'. The remains of two round stone buildings were passed, somewhat resembling Martello towers, which were reported to have been old Indian houses,—perhaps granaries.

Chachapoyas is, according to Alcedo, the name of the province and of the river. The town which appears to share in the appellation, (situated in lat. $6^{\circ} 7' 41''$ s.) and which is the residence of an intendant, is built on the usual plan of the Spanish towns, with a *plaza*, or square, in the centre, having a handsome church at one corner. The streets are long and paved, but the houses are only one story high. The intendant shewed our Traveller the last census and tax-papers of the province; according to which, the population amounted to 5093 males and 5083 females. He stated, that it had at one time amounted to 20,000 souls; yet, in Alcedo's Dictionary, it is rated at only 10,000. He complained of the demands which had been made for recruits, affirming, that 1800 men had gone from

the province for soldiers since the commencement of the Revolution. But Lieut. Maw says:—

‘As far as I am capable of forming an opinion from what I have seen and heard in Peru, having witnessed the sweeping manner in which the Burmans raised their levies, and the war of desolation carried on, on the Spanish main, at the time that Generals Bolivar and Morillo were opposed to each other, I should say, that the revolutionary war in Peru appears to have been tedious, harassing, and expensive, rather than bloody; and notwithstanding the demands for recruits, the difference between the males and females in the intendant’s census, was only ten.’ p. 59.

The chief produce of this district consisted formerly of tobacco. The cultivation of the vine has recently been introduced. They had not as yet got *casks*, but ‘had made arrangements for being supplied with them.’ It was also intended to cultivate indigo, which grows wild. Wheat, maize, barley, cocoa, sugar, potatoes, cochineal, Peruvian bark, cotton, castor-oil, storax, dragon’s blood, Brazil wood, with ‘all kinds of vegetables,’ and ‘all kinds of cattle,’ are enumerated among the diversified productions of the province, which comprises almost every variety of climate.

On the 24th of December, our Travellers left Chachapoyas for Moyobamba. The road led over several very rugged ridges bearing north-easterly, and through ravines in which the scenery was romantically beautiful. On Christmas morning, as Lieut. Maw looked out upon a field of potatoes in flower, and the small plain covered with sheep and cattle feeding on a plentiful pasture, he could not but advert to the different scene which Peru and England at that moment presented. ‘With us,’ he says, ‘it was between six and seven o’clock; in England, past eleven, and I knew that most people were attending church, the country not improbably frozen up and covered with snow.’ There, the trees were in full leaf, and the woods that clothe the lower parts of the Andes, shewed a beautiful variety of tints. Toulea, the *puello* at which the Travellers halted, is the last inhabited station before entering the recesses of the *Montana*; the name given to the region of woods extending eastward to the banks of the Marañon. On the 27th, after passing over some bleak hills, they reached the woods; and we must let our Author describe this day’s journey.

‘The wild luxuriance of the trees and flowers in the *Montaña*, was excessive: scarcely a niche in the abrupt rocks that occasionally shewed themselves, was left unoccupied. Streams became more numerous, and we heard the notes of what we understood to be the organ-bird. The *arrieros* gave us notice to prepare for worse road. This at the

time appeared to us scarcely possible ; but we had not gone much further, when we were convinced the *arrieros* were correct in their account. Sitting upright even on the saddles of the country, was out of the question. Ascending, we were obliged to lay ourselves along the mules' backs, and hold on : descending, it was equally steep ; and what made it worse, the top of an ascent was scarcely gained, when the next step was jumping down again ; consequently, an instantaneous change of position was necessary. In getting up some of these places, while lying stretched along the mules' backs, we appeared to be nearly upright. Nor was steepness the only obstacle. Some of these staircases were cut through cliffs, but so narrow, that, in descending, we repeatedly got jammed ; and the sides so high, that a person when a few yards in advance, appeared to be going to the interior, rather than continuing along the surface of the earth. In other parts, branches of trees, particularly stout *sogas* (creepers), caught our heads and necks ; and it was necessary to keep a good look out, to avoid being hanged by these growing ropes. Going down one of the steepest descents, a *soga* stretching across the path, caught me directly in the mouth, which it forced open : fortunately, it was not a strong one, and my biting it hard, and the strength and weight of the mule, broke it. Between the ridges were bogs, in which the mules sank up to their bellies. Bridges over the mountain streams were made of one large tree, flanked by two smaller ones. If our mules had not understood their business, and been as active and sure-footed as goats, we certainly could not have ridden. . . . At length, the trees of the forest became larger, and the underwood less thick ; and we began to meet with more tropical plants, among which were several varieties of palms and ferns ; some of the ferns nearly equalling the palms in circumference, but not in height. Towards sunset, we reached an open space about 100 yards long by 30 in breadth ; and there being sufficient pasture for the mules, and a stream running past, we stopped and pitched our tent near a large tree.' pp. 76—78.

Here, our Travellers were first greeted by mosquitoes. The next day, the road continued much the same, with the additional inconvenience, that, in some parts, the depth and continuance of the bogs rendered it necessary to 'push into the wood, to get round them.' At length, they reached a place called the *ventana* (window), where the rock is 'pretty nearly perpendicular, with only a few niches cut for the mules to step into.'

'We all dismounted, and scrambled down in the best manner we could. How the mules got down, I am at this moment at a loss to conceive. The only one that I saw, (for I got out of the way as quickly as possible,) was my own. I had given her to one of the *arrieros* to hold until I was clear below, but he let her go rather too soon, and she tumbled past, still keeping her feet like a cat. I do not hesitate to say of this passage across the *Montaña*, that, had I not been a witness to the contrary, I could scarcely have believed it possible for any animal to have carried a human being over it alive. The

road appeared to me to be badly made, worse kept, and absurdly chosen.

On reaching Moyobamba, situated on an elevation in the plain watered by the Moyo, our Travellers found that they were not the first Europeans who had visited the place. A Mons. Du Bayle had arrived a few weeks before from the Brazilian territory; and a British sailor, called Miguel Ramos, (in plain English, Michael Ramsay,) had by some means found his way there from the coast, and after surprising the natives by his eccentric conduct, had gone off, leaving his wife behind him. The population of this place is estimated at about 5000 persons. The Moyobambians are remarkable for the lightness of their complexion. They are also noted for their manufacture of a coarse cotton cloth called *tucaya*, which, from the scarcity of coin, serves, in the Lower Provinces, as the circulating medium. It is made principally by the women and children. Plantains are here the substitute for bread.

On the 7th of January, having obtained from the intendant and vicar all the information they could furnish, our Travellers proceeded on foot, the road not being passable even for mules, to a place called Balsa Puerto, five days distant, where they were to embark in canoes. In one part, they had to ford a stream thirty or forty yards in breadth, just above where it forms a cascade, by rushing down a rock at an angle of about 45°. The current is so strong and rapid, that there is the greatest danger of falling and being dashed down the precipice. An Indian girl, in passing, had nearly fallen, but recovered herself; and Mr. Hinde, on coming to the same place, actually fell, but had the presence of mind to throw himself up the stream, and was saved by one of the Indians. One of the party had seen a deer killed in attempting to pass. The place is called *Puma Yaco* (Tiger Water). A little further, they came to a point from which they had a view, between some of the last ridges of the Andes, of the vast plain that lies beyond them. Its boundary was the horizon, and though covered with wood, it looked like the sea. Almost immediately afterwards, they reached the brink of a descent, called by the natives, the Staircase (*Escalera*), or rather Ladder; and a terrible ladder it must be to descend. It is, in some parts, nearly perpendicular, having foot-holes cut in the side; and is of such height, that it takes an Indian carrier from five in the morning until noon to get up it.

‘Accustomed as we had now become,’ says Lieut. M., ‘not only to the Andes, but to the Montaña, this place surprised us. After descending for two hours, we came to a ladder made of two tall palm-trees, with twenty-six cross pieces as steps. Accustomed as I have

been to going aloft, this staircase descent made the joints of my knees crack, every bone in my skin ache, and the perspiration run from every pore. Immediately on reaching the bottom was a broad stream, called *Escalera Yaco* (Staircase Water), which, descending rapidly among rocks, was so much swollen, that we were obliged to wait until it had a little subsided; when we waded it nine or ten times, in some parts up to our waists, and the *Cachi Yaco*, a broad but, in this part, shallow river, once.

Frightful as this mountain ladder must be, it is not so tremendous, apparently, as the passage over the mountain of Quindiu in Colombia, described by Humboldt, or as part of the route between Cartago and Chocó travelled by Captain Cochran, which can be accomplished only by means of native *silleros* or chairmen. In one place, the latter Traveller was proceeding, mounted in his chair, when suddenly his bearer turned round, and began descending an almost perpendicular declivity backwards, holding by the roots of trees, sometimes with only one hand, while, with the other, he was scratching with his pole a hole for the next step. His rider meanwhile had his face turned to the abyss below, a depth of 2000 feet. The persons thus chaired, are often obliged to sit for several hours motionless and leaning backwards, while their bearer descends the most rapid declivities, or crosses the mountain torrents on a narrow and slippery trunk of a tree. The *Ladera de las Vacas* in the Chilian Andes would seem to be scarcely less frightfully perilous.

On the 15th of January, our Travellers embarked in two canoes, about twenty feet long and two and a half broad, fitted up with an awning thatched with palm-leaves. The *Cachi Yaco*, which they had forded three times before reaching Balsa Puerto, and which they now descended to its junction with the Guallaga, is a shallow and very winding stream, the current (in the rainy season) flowing at the rate of four miles an hour. The distance to the junction, following the windings, is about a hundred miles. The Guallaga is a much more considerable river. Its average depth, before it is joined by another river from the westward, is about four fathoms: below that junction, it deepens to five and six fathoms, and when clear of islands, it is from a third of a mile to half a mile in breadth. The trees on the banks are not generally large; but the woods afford cover for numerous wild boars, tigers, tapirs, and other wild animals. The *pueblos* on this river are built at the head of little creeks, where the ground is higher than the banks of the main stream, and clearer of damp and insects. At the *pueblo* of Laguna, our Travellers had to hire fresh and larger canoes to prosecute their voyage. They left this port on the 21st of January, about noon, and at sunset, reached the mouth of the Guallaga.

The junction of the Guallaga with the Marañon, did not produce, on the minds of our Travellers, that impression which the 'lavish descriptions' of the Missionaries had led them to expect. The basin may, Lieut. Maw says, be about a mile across. It was by the Guallaga, that Pedro de Orsua descended to the Amazons. M. Condamine entered that river much higher up, by the Chuchunga stream, which falls into the Amazons where it first begins to be navigable. It is, however, much incumbered with cataracts and narrows as far as Borja, the capital of the province of Maynas, where that Traveller found himself 'on a fresh-water sea, surrounded with a maze of lakes, rivers, and canals, penetrating in all directions the gloom of an immense forest, inaccessible except by means of those channels. Nothing was to be seen but a wide circle of verdure and water.' Below Borja, and for four or five hundred leagues beyond, a stone, nay a pebble, is an object as rare as a diamond. The savages, he says, have no conception of stones. The river Pastaca, which discharges itself below Borja, by three mouths, is described as nearly equalling, at the mouth of the principal branch, the breadth of the Marañon itself. M. Condamine turned up the Guallaga to Laguna, which is the chief establishment of the Missions in the province of Maynas; and the remainder of his voyage was, of course, the same as that of Lieut. Maw.

The mouth of the Ucayale was passed by our Traveller in the night; and it was too dark to admit of his making many remarks. It was evident, however, he says, that a sudden and material effect had been produced upon the river. The current became more rapid; the depth of water increased; and the trees and pieces of wood floating down the stream were so numerous, that it was difficult to keep clear of them. At their confluence, M. Condamine tells us, the Ucayale is the broader stream of the two; and its sources are more distant and more copious than those of the western branch of the Marañon. On meeting the latter, moreover, the Ucayale 'repulses its tide, and changes its course'; and he inclines to the opinion, that it has therefore the best claim to be considered as the main branch. Lieut. Maw thinks it probable, that the western branch will be found the more considerable at the greater distance, although some of the head streams which form the Ucayale, may exceed it in extreme length. Moreover, he adds, the Ucayale appears to be formed rather by a collection of streams, while the Marañon flows throughout from between the Cordillera as a main channel. This representation is not altogether accurate, since the Ucayale, after receiving the Apurimac or Tambo in lat. $10^{\circ} 31'$, becomes a very considerable stream. Still, the depth of the Marañon is so much greater as

to entitle it to be regarded as the main reservoir. At a distance from the sea of more than 2,600 miles, its depth was found to be upwards of 175 feet, and its breadth, though inferior to that of several of its tributaries, nearly 900 feet. Besides, although the sources of the Ucayale are the most remote, this circumstance can with little propriety be allowed to determine the question so vehemently disputed respecting the true head of this mighty river. More stress ought to be laid, we think, upon the general configuration of the country, than upon the accidental length of particular head streams; and it is obvious, that the distinguishing feature in the geography of this part of South America, is the basin of the Marañon, extending from west to east nearly across the whole continent in the same general direction, though gradually approaching the line, and receiving on either bank into its vast channel, the waters which flow from all directions towards this central reservoir.

Below the mouth of the Ucayale, however, Lieut. Maw found the river 'assume a very superior character'; its breadth increases, and it appeared to be navigable in the main channel by vessels of almost any class. At the *pueblo* of Pebas, he had an opportunity of seeing a number of Indians belonging to different tribes residing several days' journey in the woods. One of these tribes, called the Yaguas, struck him as bearing strong marks from being descended from the ancient Peruvians.

'Not only do they differ from the other Indians, almost as much as they do from Europeans, but, what is extraordinary, they wear the hair cut straight across the forehead and cropped behind, in the manner that is described as one of the distinguishing marks of the Incas, and which we never saw amongst any other of the Indians. They are tall and good figures; their complexion is a tawny yellow, scarcely darker than the Moyobambian's. Their hair is lighter than that of the common Indians, and the expression of their countenances far from stupid. They wear sashes made of thin white bark, which fall both before and behind; and have their heads and arms ornamented with the long feathers of the scarlet macaw or papagayo. Indeed, I think it is scarcely possible to give a better description of the Yaguas we saw at Pebas, than by referring to the prints usually published, of the Peruvians at the time of the Spanish conquest.'

These Yaguas are probably a tribe of the Omagua nation, who formerly inhabited the islands and banks of the Marañon throughout an extent of 200 leagues below the mouth of the Napo, but who are supposed by Condamine to have emigrated from New Granada at the time of the Spanish conquest. They had been repelled by the slaving expeditions from Para, and had fled into the woods. Their language, this Traveller says, is sweet and easy of enunciation, and has no affinity to that of either Peru or Brazil, which prevail, the one above, and the

other below the country of the Omaguas along the banks of the river. The appellation Omagua is Peruvian, answering to the Brazilian *Cambevas*, and signifies flat-headed; and in fact, says Condamine, 'this nation has adopted the whimsical practice of pressing between two boards the forehead of their new-born infants, in order to give it the singular form which originated the denomination, and, as they say, to make them more perfectly resemble the full moon.' The Yaguas of Lieut. Maw do not appear to have been thus craniologically marked, nor did he notice this peculiarity in any of the Indian inhabitants of Omaguas or the other *pueblos*. The language of the Yaguas, at all events, merits examination, with a view to ascertain whether it bears any affinity to either the Quichua or Inca language, or the Muysca of Cundinamarca.

Pebas (or Pevas) was, when M. Condamine descended the river, the last Mission belonging to the Spaniards, the Portuguese laying claim to the territory on both banks as high as the mouth of the Napo, in lat. $3^{\circ} 24'$. The last Peruvian *pueblo* at present, is Loretto, 104 miles lower down the river. About 39 miles further is Tabitinga (or Tavatinga), the frontier post of Peru and Brazil, but garrisoned only by the Brazilians. Lieut. Maw reached this place on the 31st of January, after a navigation of sixteen days. The garrison at that time consisted of a serjeant and fifteen soldiers. Few Indians reside there; and Lieut. Maw was struck with a marked difference in the character and manners of the natives on entering the Brazilian territory.

'There was a gloominess and unwillingness about these people, widely different from the manner of the Peruvian Indians. The Peruvians, although, as one of their *padres* describes them, "almost as uncivilized as their forefathers", were a cheerful sort of savages; and when they became acquainted with us, finding we did not attempt to abuse them, if we went into the woods to shoot, they were delighted to go too; if to look for seeds, to fish, or to do any thing else, they were always ready. The Laguna Indians were fond of singing, although they knew less about it than even myself. Towards sunset, I used occasionally to sing them the Canadian boat-song, when they would give way, keeping time with their paddles; and Mr. Hinde and his canoe would soon be out of sight, if I did not stop singing, to heave the lead. These people appeared infected with some sullen contagion, that it was not easy to overcome.'

During his subsequent stay at the *villa* of Egas, on the river Tefé, our Traveller obtained information respecting the abominable system still in practice towards the Indians in this part of Brazil, which sufficiently accounts for the barbarous and unsocial character of the natives.

Under the denomination of *brancos* (whites) are included all those

who either are, or by descent are connected with, Europeans; and it unfortunately happens, that, with very few exceptions, those Europeans who have hitherto settled on the banks of the Marañon, have been of the lowest and most ignorant, if not the worst class of society. Formerly, I believe, convicts were sent there; and latterly, a few Portuguese sailors have got up and commenced trafficking. But whether convicts or settlers, their station, on getting up the Marañon, was immediately changed from the lowest class of society to the lords and masters of the country; and as in their latter capacity, to use their own expression, they have "*na braços*" (no hands), to remedy this deficiency, they deemed, and still do deem it necessary to make use of the Indians. In order to which, we were told, that there was formerly a law authorizing the *brancos* to catch the Indians and make slaves of them for ten years. At the end of that period, they were to be considered as civilized; and according to this law for civilization, they were to be no longer slaves; but whether the *brancos* allowed the Indians this advantage, the only means I have of judging is, that I do not believe either the past or present race of *brancos* have paid much attention to any laws, except such as may have accorded with their own ideas of personal advantage. The real state of the case, I believe, is, that there have been a variety of laws and regulations respecting the Indians, differing, as to their spirit, from the widest extreme of atrocious and unjustifiable cruelty towards these original possessors of the country, to others comparatively just and humane, according to the times in which they were made; but I chose to repeat the version I received in the country, in order that I may not be accused of giving a false glare to what has been, and still is, too glaring. However, whether formerly in accordance with, or latterly in opposition to, laws and the decrees of Government, the effect produced evidently has been, that the Indians, finding themselves exposed to being made slaves by the *brancos*, have deserted the banks of the Marañon, where, from the facility with which the means of supporting life, by catching fish and *tartaruga*, would be obtained, and the occasional communications which such employment would lead to, I should imagine the Indians would naturally be the most numerous and the least barbarous. Up various tributary streams, they are still supposed to exist in considerable numbers; and, from the want of other provisions, they are said to be living upon each other. To prove not only the injustice, but the impolicy of such a system, it is only necessary to compare the Indians of Brazil with those of Peru, where a widely different and much more humane system has evidently been adopted. Notwithstanding the statement of the *brancos*, that, according to a decree of the Emperor, all Brazilian Indians are free, and which was confirmed by the assurance of Mr. Hesketh, his Majesty's vice-consul at Para, "that the law authorizing the catching of Indians, has been repealed",—at the time we were at Egas, we were told, that two *brancos* were then away in the woods trying their fortune. The manner of catching the Indians, was described as follows.

A *branco*, supposing himself to be in want of Indians, either for his own use or to exchange for goods, (according to the *branco* version of the old law, the Indians were not allowed to be sold, but we were

afterwards told by the *cabo* of the river craft in which we went passengers from the Rio Negro, that we might have bought a boy to attend upon us for about ten milreis, between two and three sovereigns (English,) endeavours to join with one or more *brancos* having similar objects in view; and a license is got "to enter", that is, to go up the river Japura, which runs to the S.W., having its principal mouth abreast of the river Teffe, on the opposite side the Marañon, and which is at present considered as the most favourable district for catching Indians. Where the license is obtained, we did not learn. Amongst the preparations considered necessary are, an Indian who knows the woods, to act as pilot, arms, and, in case the *brancos* should not be successful in catching, goods to purchase Indians from petty chiefs, who may have any to sell. All being ready, they proceed in canoes near to the scene of action fixed upon. They then leave the canoes, or galateas, and proceed silently and cautiously through the woods, looking out for any thing like an Indian's *rancho*. Should they find one, they hide themselves, watch the motions of the unfortunate inmates, and take a favourable opportunity to rush upon them. When a solitary Indian is met with in the woods, and got hold of, he or she is compelled by threats to shew where the rest of their relations are, and the result generally is, they all are taken. After being captured, they are chained to logs, and taken down to the boats or canoes. So great is the dread of white men among these Indians, who are said to fight desperately if opposed to each other, that if, as is sometimes the case, a hundred or more of them are seen dancing at night round a fire, seven or eight *brancos*, by taking different stations and firing a few shots, may seize as many as they can get hold of, the others only thinking of escape.

* If the Indians get information of *brancos* being on any of these hunting expeditions, they dig holes in the paths and different parts of the woods, and fix strong poisoned spears in them; after which, slight rotten sticks are placed across, and covered with leaves, earth, &c., so that it requires much caution and some experience to avoid them. Should a person fall on one of these spears, it is said to occasion almost instantaneous death.

* In case the *brancos* are not fortunate in catching Indians, the next plan is to purchase them from such petty chiefs as have taken prisoners and keep them in corals, or high uncovered enclosures, to kill and eat, or to exchange for goods. Incredible as these accounts may appear in the present generally advanced state of civilization, and in such a country as England, we had them too repeatedly confirmed to doubt them. When, at Egas, I expressed any opinion, that some of the accounts were figurative, the next person we happened to meet, was generally referred to; when the answer would be a smile at our incredulity, with some further particulars; such as, they would shew us people in the villa who had eaten human flesh; describing the manner of cooking, &c. A *branco* told us, that his father-in-law, having gone into the woods on one of these hunting expeditions, came to the habitation of one of these people who had prisoners to sell, when a mess was offered to him, at the bottom of which he found a human thumb. It was said, that the Indians consider the palm of a white man's hand

a delicacy ; and it was a joke among the *brancos* at Egas, that I being whiter than most people who had been there, should be more esteemed to cook by the Indians. Indeed, although we never saw human flesh eaten, what we did see was sufficient to convince us that it was far from improbable that such was the case.

‘ A remarkable point, and which tended to shew that it is from necessity that these Indians are cannibals, we were told, that, although the prisoners are kept in corals, the owners do not treat them with cruelty. When a human being is wanted to cook, the owner takes his *pucuna*, and having fixed upon his object, blows a poisoned arrow ; the victim falls, and is dragged out without the others regarding it—custom and necessity having led them to consider such practices as not incorrect. The vicar-general of the Rio Negro told us an anecdote of a girl whom a *branco* offered to purchase of one of these owners, but who chose rather to stay with her relations, and be eaten when her turn came, than save her life as the *branco*’s slave.’ pp. 267—272.

The existence of cannibalism among the South American tribes, is a fact beyond all question. M. Humboldt has collected a variety of details relating to this disgusting subject* ; but he asserts, that the cannibalism of the natives of Guyana, is never caused by the want of subsistence. This is, perhaps, too strongly stated. It is certain, however, that other motives than the pressure of necessity have originated the horrible practice,—superstition, revenge, hatred, affection, and even a vitiated and abominable taste. The Capanahuas, or Busquipanes, we are told, ‘ from a sort of piety, eat their deceased parents, ‘ smoking and roasting them as they do the animals they catch ‘ in the woods ’ ; while the Sencis ‘ burn the dead and drink the ‘ ashes in chicha ’. (Maw, p. 468.) M. Humboldt was assured that, in the forests of the Cassiquiare, an Indian alcaide had, a few years before, fattened and eaten one of his wives!

Our Travellers reached Santarem, on the right bank of the river Tapajos, without having met with any accident or obstruction ; but, soon after leaving that place, they were overtaken and placed under arrest by order of the military commandant, upon the charge of being not what they professed themselves, Englishmen from Peru. The vexatious conduct of this officer seems to have proceeded from folly and ignorance, more than from malignity ; and he did not venture long to detain his prisoners. But the outrage was resented with becoming spirit by Lieutenant Maw ; and on arriving at Para, a complaint was made to the Governor, who suspended M. the Commandant from his authority. Our Travellers reached Para on the 19th of April, where they embarked on board the brig Douglas for England. Lieut. Maw has honourably distinguished himself by his successful achievement, nor is less praise due to his enterprising com-

* See Humboldt’s Pers. Nar. Vol. V. p. 451.

panion. It will be long, we apprehend, before this route will be again attempted by an Englishman. The time may not be very distant, indeed, when steam-boats shall ply between Para and the Rio Negro; but as to this route from the Pacific to the Atlantic, most travellers will, we apprehend, continue to prefer the common turnpike-road by Cape Horn. We are the more obliged to our Author for the information he has obtained for us.

The other volumes before us describe regions somewhat better known. Lieut. Brand sailed from Falmouth for the Plata in April 1827. From Buenos Ayres, he crossed the vast and dreary *pampas* to Mendoza, and thence made the passage of the Cordillera to Valparaiso, where he embarked for Lima. After remaining not quite two months in that capital, he sailed again for Chile, and returned by the same route to Buenos Ayres. It will be seen, that the title affixed to the Volume, by no means describes its contents, as the 'voyage to Peru', from Valparaiso, is despatched in a single paragraph; the abstract of the voyage having 'unfortunately been lost.' The little that relates to Peru, is contained in a few paragraphs describing the manners of the Limanians, and contrasting them with those of the citizens of Buenos Ayres.

* During my short stay at Buenos Ayres this time, I could plainly perceive that the ladies were entitled to the palm in preference to those either of Lima, Mendoza, or Chili. Independent of being much handsomer, they are decidedly better educated, more accomplished, amiable, and moral. The contrast between those of Lima and Buenos Ayres, is very great; the former are indolent, vain, and extravagant to an amazing degree; while the latter are industrious, amiable, and economical; which virtues, independent of their personal attractions and accomplishments, did not appear to be lost on my own countrymen, for the marriages between the English and natives of Buenos Ayres appear to be very numerous. From one family that I was living with, there were no less than four daughters married to English merchants: those and several others with whom I was acquainted, appeared to live very happily together.

The climate of Buenos Ayres approximates much more to the European, than either Chili or Lima, not being near so relaxing or debilitating, which may account for the roses to be found in the cheeks of the Buenos Ayres ladies, which are all faded in those of the other climates.

* The Protestant religion is tolerated at Buenos Ayres, and places of worship are allowed to be built. The English have a very neat church, which was formerly a Catholic chapel: the clergyman is a Mr. Armstrong, a pious, worthy man. It is generally well attended, and a most pleasing sight was it to behold an English congregation assembled together in a foreign land, to render praise to their Maker in their own language and forms, and with the permission of the government of a

Catholic country ; this is certainly a step gained towards improvement, and a vast deal from ancient prejudices. God alone can judge how far it may be permitted to extend. The influence of the priests over the minds of the people, is evidently fast falling to decay in many parts of South America. Religious processions, the food and bait of the lower order, are rapidly dwindling away. At Buenos Ayres there are none, in Chili very few ; at Lima only are they carried on in any considerable degree : yet the priests, instead of being respected, as they formerly were, have lost all their influence, and are held in the greatest contempt ; their society is shunned and despised by the respectable natives, and they do not hesitate at openly calling them a set of rogues and thieves. What all this will ultimately lead to, the " Lord alone can tell." It is to be hoped that the light of the true gospel may shortly spread and take root in that vast city, containing upwards of one hundred thousand souls.'

'The priests in Lima are disgusting. Many have I seen absolutely drunk in the streets ; and I only wish this was the worst thing I had to say of them. In their processions, I have witnessed scenes shocking to human nature. In carrying the Virgin Mary through the streets, twelve females, supposed to be virgins, are selected to carry frankincense before her. These women are now generally female slaves of the very worst and most abandoned description *. These women, as they proceed before the Virgin, are screaming and hallooing with all their might, at the same time throwing up the incense to her. The priests are singing psalms, and I have seen them in many of these processions absolutely drunk while singing their psalms ; and between every verse laughing and talking, and even with their arms round the waists of these females. On the arrival of the Virgin at the church, the scene becomes more like a riot than a religious procession. Being once in a church when a procession entered, I could not imagine what in the world was the matter ; such screaming, hallooing, hooting, and roaring, as I never heard in my life, was set up immediately the Virgin made her appearance. The boys outside were huzzaing, and throwing fire-works within, which occasioned a scene of tumult impossible to be described. When this uproar had subsided a little, a beautiful deep-toned organ vibrated through the many aisles of the magnificent Santo Domingo, and the finest sacred music I ever heard was chaunted by the choir of singers ; between each cadence, had a pin dropped, it might have been heard throughout the crowded church, which but a minute before was all uproar and confusion. Alas ! as I came away, I could not but think what a mixture of frenzy, bigotry, and mockery of religion was all this.'

The Pampas and the Cordilleras have been so repeatedly described,—there is, moreover, so little to describe in the former, and the latter so utterly defy description,—that much novelty cannot be looked for in any account of the now familiar route

* 'Formerly it was considered an honour for the daughters of the first families in the place to carry the frankincense before the Virgin.'

from Buenos Ayres to Chile; names which have almost lost their attractions. Captain Head's very agreeable little volume, however, already in its third edition, may be recommended to any of our readers who have not yet seen it, as comprising in a brief compass more general information, combined with excellent description, than many more bulky and costly works about the same countries. His 'rough notes' are thrown together without any regard to method, and the style is hurried and familiar; but he is always entertaining, and the vividness and animation of his graphic sketches prevent the attention from ever flagging. The report which he gives of the country, its condition and its resources, is somewhat gloomy and discouraging; there is, however, nothing querulous or bitter in his language; he never seems to lose his temper; but appears to have discharged his arduous task with equal perseverance and fortitude. As the volume has been so long before the public, we need hardly say more respecting its contents; but, before we close this article, shall make room for a brief specimen.

Mr. Haigh's volume comes rather late as a description of Buenos Ayres and Chile in 1820. He has been, of course, anticipated by Mr. Miller in his narrative, and by Mr. Caldeugh, Mrs. Graham, and others, in his topographical descriptions. His extensive opportunities of observation, and his intimacy with several of the revolutionary leaders, have enabled him, however, to bear the testimony of an eye-witness to several important facts, and to furnish some additional details of considerable interest; and, altogether, his volume, without containing much novelty, is well worthy of perusal. For the best description of the Gauchos of the plains, he refers his readers to the 'very intelligent' and accurate account given of them by Captain Head; and speaking of the famous march over the Andes, of the army under San Martin, he says, that he cannot refer them to a better account than is contained in the *Memoirs* of General Miller. His own situation, overtaken by a snow storm on the summit of the *Cumbre*, was sufficiently critical; and we must make room for the passage in which it is described.

'It was, however, late in the evening when we arrived at the foot of the *Cumbre*, and our mules were too fatigued to ascend the mountain without rest, so we were compelled to halt until next morning. We slept on the ground in the open air. A night fatal to our comfort ensued, for the storm began about midnight, and on awakening, we found ourselves covered three inches deep in snow. The whole face of the country was one sheet of white, and the flakes beginning to thicken and whirl around, rendered it impossible to proceed. The *casucha* was within five hundred yards of our bivouac, and we were forced to betake ourselves to it for safety.'

The *casucha* is built of brick, with a vaulted roof of great strength, describing a Gothic arch in the interior; but, on the outside, the roof is shelving to prevent the snow from resting upon it, as, after a certain weight, it glides off at each side. The building is about fourteen feet square, but affords no other accommodation than the black, bare walls. Formerly, the Spanish Government used to have provisions and wood placed in these huts, and they were each secured with a door and window-shutter; both of these, however, had been consumed for firing, and the Government had discontinued the supplies of food, as the practice did not answer, for the muleteers failed to supply themselves, and relied upon the plunder of the *casuchas*. Our own provisions had fallen short, on account of the delay we had experienced in the journey, and the appearance of the weather indicated that the *temporale*, as these storms are called, would be of some duration. We made a fire in the middle of the hut, with the wood we had brought with us; the smoke escaping at the door-way and windows, and also at several loop-holes made in the walls. Before the close of the day, our cabin was filled with strange muleteers who kept constantly arriving; and before dark, I counted twenty-two persons in the hut. At night, our fire was suffered to go out, for our wood being scarce, we wished to preserve it for cooking; and a hide and blanket having been substituted for a door and window-shutter, we were soon left in total darkness, with scarcely room to stretch our limbs. For my own part, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and inclined my back against the wall; but I could not sleep in so uncomfortable a position; and several times, during the night, I had to remove the head of one of my neighbours who had by mistake made a pillow of my legs. In fact, we were so thronged that there was not an inch of ground vacant, yet it was, notwithstanding, bitterly cold. Dismal and dreary did the night roll over, whilst the howling of the storm without gave us no hopes of being speedily emancipated; and it is hardly possible for one who has not experienced such a miserable situation, to conceive the various emotions which such a prospect must create in the breast of the boldest and most practised traveller. The fact of many persons having, at times, perished in these huts, from cold and hunger, was of itself sufficient to render us uneasy; and the crosses on the wall plainly shewed that their number was far from small. When day dawned, the storm had rather increased; we all stood up to allow room for a fire to be made, and cooked *baldiviano* (charque and onions), which was the only food left us. Our wood was all burnt, and we were reduced to raw charque and biscuit; our only beverage was water, which was procured from a spring a few yards from the *casucha*. I afterwards observed there was always water close to these mountain vaults. The storm continued unabated, and the snow, accumulating fast on the top of the hut, at times fell in masses with a deadened sound, from each side of the shelving roof; the muleteers, however, amused themselves by singing and telling stories of mountain-hobgoblins and ghosts; but, as there were no signs of the storm decreasing, towards evening they began to be quieter. About the hour of *oracion*, they all knelt down and re-

cited their vesper prayers. Another horrible sleepless night succeeded, and the prospect before us became every moment more miserable; our provisions were almost gone, and there was no chance of replenishing them, for our mules had strayed away; and should the storm continue a few days longer, our fate would be truly deplorable. This appeared in the face of every one, and a selfish feeling took possession of each individual; there was a gloomy silence on this day, far different to the preceding, and each was apparently occupied in contemplating his own impending fate. I must confess that, after frequently closing my eyes in a reverie, upon opening them, and perceiving the strange objects around me, I could hardly conceive the reality of my being in such a situation. The muleteers seated on the ground or standing against the dark walls of the hut, with their small eyes peering through their black and matted elf-locks, and the certainty of starvation before us, should the storm not abate very soon,—all seemed to me to give the hut the appearance of a place of punishment, where, for some sin or sorrow, I was cast; and I could not help contemplating how very unsatisfactory it would be to perish in such an unknown and miserable situation. Another long, cold, and boisterous night passed away. . . *Viva la Patria!* shouted the muleteers, the next morning, when they observed the sun gilding the pinnacles of the mountains. We were on our feet in an instant, without the trouble of a toilet, for we had not had our cloaks off, during our stay in this mountain dungeon. The storm was over; not a cloud was to be seen.' *Haigh*, pp. 104–111.

Lieut. Brand gives a terrific account of sliding down these *not* 'Russian mountains'. He had already made an experiment of this way of descending, higher up the mountain; but at length he came to the Cuesta de Concual.

'This was a dreadful descent, leading down to an awful depth below, with the river running at the bottom, but a very short distance to the right. It was really terrific to look down; and I am speaking within the opinion of many whom I have consulted on the subject, when I say, that it was at least eleven or twelve hundred feet, in a direct descent; in all parts so steep, that there was no possibility of standing; many parts were also hard and slippery, and how to get down this was now our task, which I should never have thought in the power of human beings to accomplish, had I not witnessed it and done it myself: so little are we aware what we are capable of performing, till brought to the trial.

'I stood and gazed with wonder, scarcely believing it possible they would attempt it. However, the loads were cast off, and away they flew, tumbling and sliding down like lightning. Our beds went into the river, and were soon swept out of sight. Then the peons prepared, and laying themselves flat on their backs, with their arms and legs extended, to my utter amazement, they flew down one after the other, with the swiftness of an arrow, guiding themselves clear of the river, although going down with such velocity; one turned, and rolled once or twice head over heels, then round and round like a ball, till he reached the bottom without the slightest injury. Now, I thought this

would never do for me ; so I waited to see how my companion would manage. He approached the brink, and working a hole first to rest his heel in, thrust his stick half way in the snow, so that it might support him to lower himself down a little, and then dig another hole. In this manner he went down the very steepest part, and then let go, and slid the rest in a sitting posture. Now came my turn : I commenced with the plan of my companion, but finding it so very steep, and not liking the hanging posture by one arm, I acted more securely, but was much longer about it ; first working a hole with my stick, and putting my heel in it ; then working another hole, and putting the other heel in, thus seeing my way clearly before me ; and having a footing of both feet at a time in a sitting posture, while I worked myself steps with my stick, till I passed the steepest part : then I let go, lying flat on my back, and went down with amazing velocity, a distance of five hundred feet. Coming down this place occupied me nearly two hours ; but, I would not have let go on the steepest part for all the gold and silver in the mines of Peru.' *Brand*, pp. 153—156.

This *convenient* way of getting on is, of course, practicable only in the winter. In summer, the torrents formed by the melted snow become a new source of danger ; and the *Ladera de las Vacas* is then for some time impassable. This, Capt. Head says, is the worst pass in the Cordillera, and baggage mules are very often lost there. The path which goes across the rapid slope, is, for about 70 yards, only a few inches broad ; but the point of danger is a spot where the water which rushes down from the summit, either washes the path away, or covers it with loose stones. Capt. Head witnessed the passage of a drove of mules along this dangerous path ; and it must have been, as he says, an interesting scene.

' As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and of course, all the rest stopped also. He was the finest mule we had, and on that account had twice as much to carry as any of the others. His load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and which contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers which were of such consequence that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules, and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, where he again stopped, and I then certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus ; but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety : several others followed. At last, a young mule carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind-legs over the precipice, and the loose

stones immediately began to roll away from under them ; however, his fore-legs were still upon the narrow path ; he had no room to put his head there ; but he placed his nose upon the path on his left, which gave him the appearance of holding on by his mouth. His perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule who came, and in walking along the Ladera, knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed his balance, and, head over heels, the poor creature instantly commenced a fall which was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and then he seemed to bound off, and turning round in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought of course that he was killed ; but up he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavoured to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. It was a noble effort ; and for a moment he seemed to succeed ; but the eddy suddenly caught the great load which was upon his back, and turned him completely over ; down went his head with all the baggage, and as he was carried down the stream, all I saw were his hind-quarters, and his long, thin, wet tail lashing the water. As suddenly, however, up his head came again ; but he was now weak, and went down the stream, turning round and round by the eddy, until, passing the corner of the rock, I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons, with their lassos in their hands, run down the side of the torrent for some little distance ; but they soon stopped, and after looking towards the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked towards me, I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them, when I saw at a distance a solitary mule walking towards us ! We instantly perceived that he was the Phæton whose fall we had just witnessed, and in a few moments he came up to us, to join his comrades. He was, of course, dripping wet ; his eye looked dull, and his whole countenance was dejected : however, none of his bones were broken, he was very little cut, and the bulletin of his health was altogether incredible.' *Head*, pp. 163—166.

During the greater part of the year, however, the river Las Vacas is crossed without difficulty ; and Mr. Miers assures us, that the ascent of the Cumbre itself, though long and tedious, is, in general, free from all danger. 'All the accounts of dangerous ascents and of precipices, which almost every traveller has given of this part of the journey, are', he broadly affirms, 'untrue, there being neither precipice nor danger' !* He doubts too, whether the *puna* is ever violently felt, except by pedestrians, and as the consequence of violent exertion. 'I

* "Travels in Chile and La Plata. By John Miers." 2 vols. 8vo. 1826. Vol. I. p. 318. To a person visiting those countries, this is certainly the most valuable work in point of topographical information, that has appeared.

'have walked both up and down the Cumbre', he says, 'without being affected. Neither did my wife, nor my child, when an infant scarcely six months old, with the thermometer standing at 35°, and the barometer at 19½ inches, experience the least difficulty in breathing.' Mr. Schmidtmeier found the Cumbre so very slippery from frozen snow, that, had he attempted to walk, or even to stand, he must have rolled down like a snow-ball, the distance of a mile; and great was his surprise at finding the mules proceed securely. But this dangerous road, which continued for about half a mile, when without snow, he says, 'is very easy'*. Mr. Caldcleugh, who crossed the Cordillera in June, gives a frightful account of the passage. Two of the peons were knocked up with *puna*; and several of them had formidable falls, saving themselves only by adroitly forcing their staffs into the snow. It is evident, that much of the comparative difficulty of the route depends upon the season, and upon the precise track that is taken by the guides; but, for six months out of the twelve, at all events, scaling the Andes is no joke. The road from Mendoza to Santiago is turnpike, however, compared with some of the more private tracks. Capt. Head's account of his journey to the silver mine of San Pedro Nolasco, touches upon the superlative; and we cannot do better than extract it as a finishing scene.

'Our path, which had been long neglected, was in many places very dangerous, being infinitely more so than any of the passes we had crossed in coming from Mendoza over the Cordillera. The laderas were literally only a few inches wide, and were covered with stones, which were so loose, that every instant they rolled from under the mules' feet, and fell with an accelerating violence into the torrent. As I rode almost the whole of the day by myself, I would willingly have got off; but the mules will never lead, and besides this, when once a person is on the ladera, on the back of his mule, it is impossible to dismount, for there is no room to get off, and the attempt to do so might throw the mule off his balance, and precipitate him into the torrent, which was at an extraordinary depth beneath. In some few places, the path was actually washed away, and the mule had only to hurry over the inclined surface the best way he could; but the manner in which these patient animals preserve their footing is quite extraordinary, and to know their value one must see them in the Cordillera. After passing two or three very violent torrents, which rushed from the mountains above into the river beneath us, we came to one which looked worse than those which we had with great difficulty crossed; however, we had no alternative but to cross it, or return to Santiago. We attempted to drive the loose mules, but one had scarcely put his feet into it, when he was carried away, and in less than twenty yards, the box which he had on his back was dashed to pieces, and its con-

* Schmidtmeier's Travels, p. 223.

tents were hurried down the surface of the stream. In order to get across, we put a lasso round our bodies, and then rode through: but the holes were so deep, that the water occasionally came over the neck of the mule, and we passed with great difficulty. These poor creatures are dreadfully afraid of crossing such torrents; it is only constant spurring that obliges them to attempt it, and sometimes in the middle of the stream they will tremble and refuse to advance for several seconds. When the water is very deep, the arrieros always tie the lasso round their bodies; but I never could feel it was any security, because if the torrent will dash a wooden box to pieces, a man's skull would surely have a very bad chance. I was, therefore, always very glad when I found myself across them; and, as our lives were insured in London for a large sum of money, I used often to think, that if the insurers could have looked down upon us, the sight of the laderas and of these torrents would have given a quickness to their pulse, a flush to their cheek, and a singing in their ears, very unlike the symptoms of placid calculation.

Shortly after passing this torrent, we turned towards the south, and began to climb the mountain of San Pedro Nolasco, which I can only describe by saying, that it is the steepest ascent which we ever made in all our expeditions among the Andes. For five hours we were continually holding on by the ears or neck of our mule, and the path was in some places so steep, that for a considerable time it was quite impossible to stop. We soon passed the limits of vegetation. The path went in zig-zags, although it was scarcely perceptible, and if the mules above us had fallen, they would certainly have rolled down upon us, and carried us with them.

In mounting, we constantly inquired of the arriero, if the point above our heads was the summit, but as soon as we attained it, we found that we had still higher to go. On both sides of us, we now came to groupings of little wooden crosses, which were the spots where people formerly employed in the mine had been overtaken by a storm, and had perished. However, we continued our course; and at last, gaining the summit, we found ourselves close to the silver lode of San Pedro Nolasco, which is situated on one of the loftiest pinnacles of the Andes. A small solitary hut was before us, and we were accosted by two or three wretched-looking miners, whose pale countenances and exhausted frames seemed to assimilate with the scene around them. The view from the eminence on which we stood was magnificent—it was sublime; but it was, at the same time, so terrific, that one could hardly help shuddering.

Although it was midsummer, the snow where we stood was, according to the statement made to me by the agent of the mine, from twenty to a hundred and twenty feet deep, but blown by the wind into the most irregular forms, while in some places the black rock was visible. Beneath was the river and valley of Maypo, fed by a number of tributary streams, which we could see descending like small silver threads down the different ravines. We appeared to have a bird's-eye view of the great chain of the Andes, and we looked down upon a series of pinnacles of indescribable shapes and forms, all covered with an eternal snow. The whole scene around us in every direction was

devoid of vegetation, and was a picture of desolation, on a scale of magnificence which made it peculiarly awful; and the knowledge that this vast mass of snow, so cheerless in appearance, was created for the use, and comfort, and happiness, and even luxury of man; that it was the inexhaustible reservoir from which the plains were supplied with water,—made us feel that there is no spot in creation which man should term barren, though there are many which Nature never intended for his residence. A large cloud of smoke was issuing from one of the pinnacles, which is the great volcano of San Francisco; and the silver lode, which was before us, seemed to run into the centre of the crater.

‘As it was in the middle of the summer, I could not help reflecting, what a dreadful abode this must be in winter!’ *Head*, pp. 225—230.

This mine, for seven months in the year, is totally inaccessible; yet, the miners used to be kept there throughout the year! That system of oppression, however, is for ever broken up. The mode in which these mineral treasures were first obtained, forms, as Capt. Head justly remarks, ‘one of the most guilty pages in the moral history of man’; and it is a mystery, how they were ever discovered in spots thus dreary and inaccessible. The Spaniards, it must be recollected, were not the first to discover these treasures; nor did they originate the system of compulsory labour, by means of which these mines were worked long before Pizarro or Almagro set foot on the eastern coast. But, with the emancipation of the people, the profitable cultivation of these mines must to a great extent cease; ‘for the evident reason, that poor mines, as well as poor land, may be made productive by a system of cruelty and tyranny, when, under a free government, they must be inactive and barren.’ This lesson in political economy is a salutary one; but it has cost us something to acquire the knowledge, that the boasted wealth of Peru is an illusion. Mr. Miers gives a very correct account of the matter in remarking, that this *El Dorado* of our eager speculators has proved to be, ‘a country barren and unproductive beyond all belief; incapable of traffic; presenting an inhospitable climate; bare of population; and its few inhabitants effeminate, indolent, and wanting in enterprise; its shores forbidding; and its boasted mines placed out of the reach of all beings excepting Indians, who, to be made to work them, must be treated as beings inferior to dogs. By dissolving the charm’, he adds, ‘which, under the grossest deception, has smothered the earliest embryo development of the aboriginal people, the Revolution, which has called forth the energies of the native Creoles, must gradually bring into action, and slowly expand into vigour, the natural resources of the soil.’* How strange is the fatality by which the precious metals seem to entail po-

* Miers’s Travels, vol. i. p. 265.

verty and degradation upon the countries in which they abound,—whether amid the snows of the barren Andes, or beneath the torrid skies of Senegambia and Guinea,—in Peru or in Bambook, in Mexico or Ashantee!

Art. II. 1. *A View of the American Indians, their General Character, Customs, Language, Public Festivals, Religious Rites, and Traditions*: shewing them to be the Descendants of the Ten Tribes of Israel. The language of Prophecy concerning them, and the Course by which they travelled from Media into America. By Israel Worsley. 12mo. pp. 186. Price 6s. London, 1828.

2. *The Hope of Israel*; presumptive Evidence that the Aborigines of the Western Hemisphere are descended from the Ten Missing Tribes of Israel. By Barbara Anne Simon. 8vo. pp. 328. Price 8s. London, 1829.

THE origin of the American Indians, (as the Aborigines of the New Continent are styled with singular impropriety, since they are neither *Indi* nor in any way connected with India,) has been, both to the learned and the unlearned, a fruitful subject of speculation and romantic conjecture. In Garcia's 'very learned and very credulous work' on the "Origin of the Indians", a variety of opinions are referred to, of which the Author of *Madoc* has given us some curious specimens. One hypothesis deduces the descent of the Mexicans from the Carthaginians, because the original name of New Spain was Anahuac, and the Phenicians were children of Anak. Moreover, the Carthaginians bored their ears, and so did the Incas of Peru! Others, with somewhat more plausibility, have contended for their affinity to the Egyptians. The ubiquitous Celts have been made their progenitors by a third hypothesis. Some have still more ingeniously supposed, that America was peopled from Plato's Island; 'observing, that the *tl*, a combination so remarkably frequent in the Mexican tongue, has probably a reference to Atlantis and the Atlantic, *All* being the Mexican word for water, and Tlaloc the God of the waters; an argument', adds Dr. Southey, 'quite worthy of the hypothesis.' But 'the quaintest opinion ever started upon this obscure subject, is that of Fr. Pedro Simon, who argued, that the Indians were of the tribe of Issachar, because he was "a strong ass in "a pleasant land, who bowed his shoulder to bear, and became "a servant unto tribute."' 'It will scarcely be believed, that the resemblance between Mexico' (Mejico) 'and Messiah, should have been adduced (by Fr. Estevan de Salazar) as a proof that America was peopled by the *Ten Tribes*.'

This last opinion has more recently found several zealous advocates among Protestant writers; particularly Adair, who was

for many years employed as agent among the Indians of North America, and who published a "History of the Indian Tribes." In the year 1816, this notion was revived in the United States, when a volume appeared in New Jersey, entitled, "A Star in the West, or an humble Attempt to discover the long lost Ten Tribes of Israel", by the Rev. Dr. Elias Boudinot. In 1825, appeared another volume on the same subject, written by the Rev. Ethnan Smith, pastor of a church in Poultney, entitled, "View of the Hebrews, or the Tribes of Israel in America." 'The great objection to these works', says Mr. Worsley in his Preface, 'and especially the last, is their lengthiness, the profusion of matter which they contain, frequent repetition, much of it foreign to the subject, and the disposition shewn to intermix religious views and party zeal, which cannot but be offensive to many readers.' From these two works and other sources, his own volume is avowedly compiled; but he has kept clear of their 'lengthiness', and has observed something like order and method in his amusing dissertation. Mrs. Simon's volume is a most curious farrago, displaying considerable reading and no small diligence in the accumulation of materials, but without the slightest attempt at arrangement. It would be unreasonable to look for cool discrimination in combination with so much sheer enthusiasm; but the Author's piety must at least awaken respect; her earnestness is interesting; and we cannot but commend the modest discretion which has led her to claim no higher character for her historical proofs, than 'presumptive evidence.'

But both Mr. Israel Worsley and Mrs. Simon overlook the previous question,—Are the Ten Tribes of Israel lost or missing? If they are not, we may really spare ourselves the trouble of undertaking so long a voyage in search of them. Jews may have found their way to America, as well as to India, China, and all parts of the Old World; but the supposition, that the Ten Tribes are collectively extant in some unknown region, a nation *incognito*, mysteriously preserved in secret till the time of their restoration shall come,—is a fantastic reverie of the Jewish rabbies, having no better foundation than their misinterpretation of their own prophecies. The notion is, indeed, as old as the second book of Esdras, the Author of which 'valuable fragment of history', as Mrs. Simon styles it, has not failed to make use of this favourite idea in one of his apocryphal prophecies. Dr. Boudinot appears to have been greatly biassed by accidentally stumbling upon this passage. And, as we have elsewhere shewn, the Apocrypha is at once the New Testament of the Jews, and the Apocalypse of the Millenarians. That the Ten Tribes never returned into their own country by virtue of Cyrus's edict, is maintained, indeed, by St. Jerome; but even Mede deprecates

this 'foolish notion,' as Dr. Allix justly styles it. The language of the New Testament *, to say nothing of that of the First Book of Maccabees †, clearly proves, that the restored commonwealth of the Jews virtually comprehended the twelve tribes. To the twelve tribes of Israel, were the apostles commissioned to bear, in the first instance, the glad tidings. Jewish emigrants and settlers, there were in all the surrounding countries; but it was by choice that they remained 'dispersed' among the Gentiles. Captives, they were not. Mr. Worsley is willing to admit, that the holy city was never entirely without a few of every tribe,—we suppose he means after it was rebuilt. When Ptolemy Philadelphus sent for a copy of the sacred writings of the Jews, in order to have them translated into Greek, they were accompanied by a letter from Eleazar the high-priest, in which he expressly says: 'We have also chosen six elders out of every tribe, whom we have sent, and the law with them.' And Josephus tells us, they were seventy-two in number ‡. The ten tribes, then, are no more lost and missing, than are the whole twelve; and the hope of Israel is in no respect whatever implicated in the origin or destiny of the American Indians.

The Rev. Ethnan Smith, however, was of a different opinion. 'The most essential pile of the prophet Ezekiel's dry bones of 'Israel', he quaintly affirms to have been discovered by Columbus. And Mrs. Simon believes, that the Discoverer of America, in his unextinguishable desire to explore that unknown world, 'was as much under the influence of a superior power as 'was Cyrus, when he became instrumental in the restoration of 'the two tribes from the seventy years' Chaldean captivity.' This comparison between Cyrus and Columbus is a little unfortunate, considering the treatment the western tribes have met with at the hands of the first European conquerors. But, in the atrocities of Cortes and Pizarro, Mrs. Simon discovers a fulfilment of prophecy.

'The people are represented in an unresisting and powerless character. "Israel is a silly dove". In this character, the Spaniards, like a vulture, swooped upon them in the south, and the disciples of the Cromwelian school in the north,—both returning evil for good,—both dealing treacherously with those who dealt not treacherously with them.' p. 30.

The exquisite propriety of this simile, as applied to the *dove*-like character of the Mexicans, will be evident to all who have read any description of their execrable rites, their warlike habits,

* See Acts, xxvi. 7. James, i. 1. † 1 Macc. v. and xiv.
‡ Josephus, Ant. B. xii. ch. 2.

and their fierce, though unavailing resistance.—We shall indulge ourselves in one more extract from this volume.

‘ Emanuel de Moraes, a Portuguese historian, in his History of Brazil, says: “ America has been wholly peopled by the *Carthaginians* and *Israelites*.” As to the last, he says, *nothing but* circumcision is wanting, to constitute a perfect resemblance between them and the Brazilians.

‘ Monsieur Poutrincourt observes, that at an early day, when the Canada Indians saluted him, they said *ho—ho—ho.*’ p. 136.

Evidence like this, who can resist? On reading this last passage, we could hardly refrain from catching up this Canadian euphemism, and exclaiming to ourselves *ho! ho! ho!* The ‘ nothing but ’ of Don Emanuel, is inimitable.

From these specimens, the reader may possibly be led to think, that the subject is altogether unworthy of grave investigation; that a theory so wild, founded upon error, and supported by such palpable absurdities, can have nothing even plausible about it. This is not altogether the case. If implicit dependence could be placed upon the veracity and correctness of the various authorities upon which the statements rest, the coincidences insisted upon, though sometimes imaginary or trivial, would altogether form a very strong presumption in favour of the derivation of many of the Indian notions from a Jewish source. The following extract from Mr. Worsley's concluding chapter, contains a summary of his argument.

‘ They (the American Indians) are living in tribes, with heads of tribes—they have all a family likeness, though covering thousands of leagues of land; and have a tradition prevailing universally, that they came into that country at the North-west corner—they are a very religious people, and yet have entirely escaped the idolatry of the old world—they acknowledge One God, the Great Spirit, who created all things seen and unseen—the name by which this being is known to them is *ale*, the old Hebrew name of God; he is also called *yehowah*, sometimes *yah*, and also *abba*—for this Great Being they profess a high reverence, calling him the head of their community, and themselves his favourite people—they believe that he was more favourable to them in old times than he is now, that their fathers were in covenant with him, that he talked with them and gave them laws—they are distinctly heard to sing with their religious dances, *halleluyah* or praise to *jah*: other remarkable sounds go out of their mouths, as *shilu-yo*, *shilu-he*, *ale-yo*, *he-wah*, *yohewah*: but they profess not to know the meaning of these words; only that they learned to use them upon sacred occasions—they acknowledge the government of a providence over-ruling all things, and express a willing submission to whatever takes place—they keep annual feasts which resemble those of the Mosaic ritual; a feast of first fruits, which they do not permit themselves to taste until they have made an offering of them to God; also

an evening festival, in which no bone of the animal that is eaten may be broken; and if one family be not large enough to consume the whole of it, a neighbouring family is called in to assist: the whole of it is consumed, and the relics are burned before the rising of the next day's sun: there is one part of the animal which they never eat, the hollow part of the thigh—they eat bitter vegetables and observe severe fasts, for the purpose of cleansing themselves from sin—they have also a feast of harvest, when their fruits are gathered in, a daily sacrifice and a feast of love—their forefathers practised the right of circumcision; but not knowing why so strange a practice was continued, and not approving of it, they gave it up—there is a sort of jubilee kept by some of them—they have cities of refuge, to which a guilty man and even a murderer may fly and be safe; for these beloved or sacred towns are never defiled by the shedding of blood—in their temples is a holy place into which none may enter but the priest, and he only on particular occasions—there he makes a yearly atonement for sin, dressed in a fantastic garb, which is a humble imitation of the High Priest's robes, with a breast plate and other ornaments—he addresses the people in the *old divine speech*, and calls them *the beloved and holy people*—they have a succession of priests, who are inducted into office by purification and anointing—they had once a holy book, which while they kept, things went well with them; they lost it, and in consequence of the loss fell under the displeasure of the Great Spirit; but they believe they shall one day regain it—they are looking for and expecting some one to come and teach them the right way.' *Worsley*, pp. 181, 182.

Among the witnesses cited in support of these statements, our readers may be surprised to find the venerable name of Penn.

'When Mr. Penn first landed on the American shores, and had held his first intercourse with the Natives of it, he was exceedingly struck with their appearance and manners. He found them very different from any people he had met with any where else, and thought them unlike any nation he had read of. He saw them in their state of native purity, undebased by slavery and uncontaminated with the vices of Europeans. In a letter to his friends in England he wrote, "I found them with countenances much like the Jewish race; and their children have so lively a resemblance of them, that a man would think himself in Duke's Place or Berry Street, in London, when he seeth them."

"They wore ear-rings and nose-jewels, bracelets on their arms and legs, rings on their fingers, necklaces made of highly polished shells found in their rivers and on their coasts. The females tied up their hair behind, worked bands round their heads, and ornamented them with shells and feathers, and wore strings of beads round several parts of their bodies. Round their mocasins they had shells and turkey spurs, to tinkle like little bells as they walked." *Worsley*, pp. 65, 66.

'Mr. Penn, who acquired his knowledge of this people from his own observation, informed his friends in England in the year 1683, that "their worship consisted of two parts—sacrifice and cantico: the first is for their first fruits. The first fat buck they kill, goes to the fire,

where it is all burned with a doleful chaunt of the priest, and with such fervency and labour of body that he sweats to a foam. The other is the cantico, performed by round dances, words, songs and shouts, and drumming on a board." At one of the feasts Mr. Penn was present: it consisted of twenty bucks with hot cakes made of new corn, of both wheat and beans, in a square form, wrapped in leaves and baked in the ashes: when these were eaten, they fell to dancing. Every visitor takes with him a present in their money, which is made of the bone of a fish; the black is as gold, the white as silver; they call it wampum. He also remarks, "that they reckon by moons, they offer their first fruits, they have a kind of feast of tabernacles, they are said to lay their altars upon twelve stones, they mourn a year, they have a separation of women"; and other things which do not occur in the present day.' *Worsley*, pp. 89, 90.

The more marvellous statements rest chiefly upon the authority of Adair. But a Dr. Beatty gives the following account of what (he says) he witnessed among the Indians west of the Ohio.

"Before they make use of any of the first fruits of the earth, twelve of their old men meet, when a deer is divided into twelve parts; and the corn, beaten in a mortar, and prepared for use by boiling, or baking under the ashes, (of course unleavened;) this also is divided into twelve parts. *These twelve men hold up the venison and fruits, and, with their faces to the east, acknowledge the bounty of God to them.* It is then eaten. On the evening of the same day", continues the Doctor, "they have another feast, which looks like the Passover. A great quantity of venison is provided, with their things dressed in the usual way, and distributed among the guests: that which is left is thrown into the fire and burned; *and none of it must remain till sunrise, nor must a bone of the venison be broken.*" The Indians also purify themselves with *bitter herbs* and roots. Describing one of their feasts, the writer says:—"One of the old beloved women returns home to hasten the feast. Meanwhile every one at the temple drinks plentifully of the cussena, and other bitter liquids, to cleanse, as they suppose, their sinful bodies." *Simon*, pp. 126, 127.

Mr. Worsley cites the same authority in support of another still more remarkable statement.

"Beatty, who went at an early period into the Delaware nation, was present at a great meeting on a consultation for going to war with a neighbouring nation. They killed a buck, and roasted it as a kind of sacrifice, on an altar formed of twelve stones, upon which stones they would not suffer any tool or instrument to be used. The whole of this animal was afterwards eaten by them, excepting the middle joint of the thigh." *Worsley*, p. 95.

It is even confidently asserted, that the rite of circumcision was in use among some of the tribes, even at a comparatively recent period, but was given up by the young men, because they

thought it an unnecessary and cruel custom, and did not know for what reason their ancestors had appointed it. This vague *on dit*, unfortunately, like many of the other statements, rests upon no clear evidence. In the last volume of "The Amulet", there is, however, a paper containing 'Notices of the Canadian Indians, by Edward Walsh, M.D.', in which we find an authentication of several of the above remarkable statements.

'In order to witness any circumstance that might corroborate this opinion' (respecting the Israelitish origin of the Indians), 'I went, on another occasion, with a party from Fort Erie to the Shawanese Town, near Buffalo Creek. It was early in May, when the country had shaken off its white robe, and appeared in the bright verdant dress of spring. We found the village of a superior order, the houses well constructed and comfortable, and some even with an upper story. They surrounded a large green or common, in the centre of which the council-house or temple was erected. This was a large oval building, thirty-two paces long by twenty-four broad, and about fourteen feet high to the roof. It was lighted by a few small square apertures close to the eaves, which also let out the smoke, consequently it was somewhat dark. The door facing the west had a rude but spacious portico. The roof, which had a high pitch, was propped up within by four strong posts, between which was the hearth, with a large kettle over it. There was a seat all round, and the walls, which were formed of split plank, were half-way up covered with mats. Here we found a great number of Indians assembled. The women were ranged outside the wall, and the men surrounded the fire inside, at the head of whom was the High Priest in his pontificals. His face was painted like the quarterings of a coat of arms, and he was furnished with a beard. He wore on his head a high tiara of beaver-fur, stuck round with dyed porcupine quills. He had over his chest a kind of stomacher, worked in figures, and ornamented with wampum, which was supposed to represent the Jewish Urim and Thummim; in this, the Indians imagine some little spirit resides, which they talk to and consult in dubious events. Whilst the usual dance or chorus was performing, a dog, which had been previously selected and fattened, was boiling in the kettle; when cooked, the flesh was cut off, and the bones scraped clean and wrapped up in its skin. The flesh was then divided into small bits, and handed round, on a wooden platter, to all those that surrounded the fire: at the same time, the High Priest dipped a branch of hemlock pine in the broth, and sprinkled it every where as well on the people as on the walls. The ceremony concluded with the circular dance and chant, in which the women joined. This chant or hymn is sung by all the Indian nations in North America, however they may differ in custom and language. Humboldt even heard it in Mexico, and it is supposed to be synonymous with the Hallelujah of the Psalms. It was pricked down for me by a gentleman, who understood musical composition; to my ears, it sounds like the lullaby of the nursery:—

"Tam le yah al lah le lu lah tam ye lah yo ha wah ha ha hah!"

'It must be admitted, that this ceremony bears some rude resem-

blance to the Feast of the Passover, substituting a dog for a lamb, of which they have none,—but dogs are sacrificed on all solemn occasions. The Indians also resemble the Jews in many other particulars. They are divided into tribes, which bear armorial banners; at least, they make figures of the tortoise, bear, eagle, &c. to distinguish the tribes; and thus was each of the Jewish tribes distinguished. They also place great dependence on their prophets and their dreams, and consult them on all important occasions, as King Ahab did. When they slaughter an animal, they spill the blood on the ground, according to the Mosaical injunction. The purification of women is remarkably similar to the Jewish law.

Most of these points of coincidence or approximation are, after all, not stronger than might be detected in the rites and customs of various African nations; and, admitting them to be an imitation of the Hebrew rites, this would prove nothing more than the wide diffusion of the Jewish civilization,—a subject which has never received an adequate examination. Alvarez, in his *History of China*, asserts, that Jews had been settled in that empire for about six hundred years; and long before that period, they had established themselves in the great plains of Central Asia. No records of any American nation go further back than the sixth century of our era; but there are traces of an earlier civilization: and, at the time of the Spanish conquest of Peru, tradition had preserved the memory of a race of white and bearded men, to whom the construction of the oldest monuments was attributed. Those white men were not, however, regarded as the progenitors of the Peruvians; and their having beards, would sufficiently indicate that they did not belong to the American family. For the same reason, to assign to the beardless Indians a Hebrew pedigree, is about as absurd as it would be, to make the Arabians the progenitors of the Chinese. When it can be made to appear, that a Jewish tribe has, in the course of ages, lost this token of manhood, we shall no longer regard Lord Monboddo's hypothesis as totally incredible, respecting another appendage supposed to have originally attached to the human race.

But may not those bearded men have been Jews? We cannot say: but some will have it, that they were Christians; and what is more, Britons—or Irishmen. And there is no lack of '*presumptive* evidence' and strong testimony in favour of this notion. 'The fable of Welsh *Indians*,' says Humboldt, 'having preserved the Welsh or Celtic language, is of very old date. In the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, a confused report was spread over England, that, on the coast of Virginia, the Welsh salutation had been heard; *hao, haou, iach*. Owen Chapelain relates, that in 1669, by pronouncing some Celtic words, he saved himself from the hands of the Indians of Tuscarora, by whom he

' was on the point of being scalped! The same thing, it is pre-
 ' tended, happened to Benjamin Beatty, in going from Virginia
 ' to Carolina. This Beatty asserts, that he found a whole Welsh
 ' tribe, who preserved the tradition of the voyage of Madoc-ap-
 ' Owen, which took place in 1170! John Filson, in his History
 ' of Kentucky, has revived these tales of the first travellers. Ac-
 ' cording to him, Captain Abraham Chaplain saw Indians arrive
 ' at the port of Kaskasky, and converse in the Welsh language
 ' with some soldiers, who were natives of Wales. He also be-
 ' lieves, that "far off to the west, on the banks of the Missouri,
 ' "there exists a tribe which, besides the Celtic language, has also
 ' "preserved some rites of the Christian religion." Captain Isaac
 ' Stewart asserts, that on the Red River of Natchitoches, at
 ' the distance of 700 miles above its mouth, in the Mississippi,
 ' he discovered Indians with a fair skin and red hair, who con-
 ' versed in Welsh, and possessed the titles of their origin. "They
 ' "produced, in proof of what they said of their arrival on the
 ' "eastern coast, rolls of parchment, carefully wrapped up in otter-
 ' "skins, and on which great characters were written in blue,
 ' "which neither Stewart nor his fellow-traveller could decipher."
 ' All these testimonies, however, the learned Author remarks,
 ' are extremely vague, as regards the indication of places. The
 ' last letter of Mr. Owen, (copied in the journals of Europe, of
 ' Feb. 11, 1819,) places the posts of the Welsh Indians on the
 ' Madwaga, and divides them into two tribes, the Brydones and
 ' the Chadogians. "They speak Welsh with greater purity
 ' "than it is spoken in the principality of Wales (!), since it is
 ' "exempt from anglicisms; they profess Christianity strongly
 ' "mixed with Druidism." We cannot read such assertions
 ' without recollecting, that all those fabulous stories which flat-
 ' ter the imagination, are periodically renewed under new forms.
 ' The learned and judicious geographer of the United States,
 ' Mr. Warden, inquires justly, why all the traces of Welsh colo-
 ' nies and the Celtic tongue have disappeared, since less credu-
 ' lous travellers, and who in some sort control one another, have
 ' visited the country situated between the Ohio and the Rocky
 ' Mountains. Mackenzie, Barton, Clarke, Lewis, Pike, Drake,
 ' Mitchill, and the Editors of the new *Archæologia Americana*,
 ' have found absolutely nothing which denotes the remains of
 ' European colonies of the twelfth century. The voyage also of
 ' Madoc-ap-Owen is much more uncertain than the expeditions
 ' of the Scandinavians. If we were to find the vestiges of any
 ' European language in the North of America, it would (prob-
 ' ably) be Teutonic, (Scandinavian, Germanic, or Gothic,) rather
 ' than Celtic or Welsh, which differs essentially from the Ger-
 ' manic tongues. As the structure of the American idioms
 ' appears singularly strange to the different nations who speak

‘the modern European languages, theologians have fancied they detected in it the Hebrew or Aramean; the Spanish colonists, Basque or Iberian; the English and French planters, Welsh, Irish, and Bas Breton. The pretensions of the Basques and the inhabitants of Wales, who regard their languages not only as mother tongues, but as the sources of all other tongues, extend far beyond America, to the Isles of the South Sea. I met with two officers of the Spanish and English navies, on the coast of Peru, one of whom pretended that he had heard the Basque at Tahiti, and the other, the Irish at the Sandwich Islands.’*

Those writers who have adopted the strange notion of the Israelitish origin of the American nations, of course imagine the Hebrew to be the parent of all the dialects spoken from Labrador to Cape Horn. It will be seen, that Mr. Israel Worsley and Mrs. Simon, like their American authorities, refer indiscriminately to the Mexicans, the Peruvians, the Araucans, the Brazilians, the Canadians, the Mississippi tribés,—in short, to a variety of nations differing respectively in language and in all their physical characteristics, not less widely than the Persians do from the Hindoos, or the Germans from the Portuguese,—as having a common origin, and being, in fact, the same people. Not the slightest attempt is made to support this assumption by any facts or reasonings; and, indeed, the very notion betrays a total want of information on the subject. It is true, that, notwithstanding the prodigious variety and diversity of the languages spoken in the New World, and the marked difference in the native races, a general resemblance to each other has been thought to prevail throughout the American family. The Indians of Mexico are described by Humboldt as bearing a general resemblance to those who inhabit Canada, Florida, Peru, and Brazil. ‘They have the same swarthy and copper colour, flat and smooth hair, small beard, squat body, long eye with the corner directed upwards towards the temples, prominent cheek-bones, thick lips, and an expression of gentleness in the mouth, strongly contrasted with a gloomy and severe look.’ But there is reason to believe that this mutual resemblance has been much exaggerated. The diversities which exist in point of colour, are quite as marked as between any of the European or Asiatic races. The colour which prevails from the cold tablelands of Quito and Cundinamarca to the burning plains of the Amazons, is *not* a copper colour. ‘The denomination of *rouge-couvrés* or copper-coloured’, Humboldt remarks, ‘could never have originated in Equinoctial America, as descriptive of the

* Humboldt's *Pers. Narr.* Vol. VI. pp. 324—326.

'native inhabitants.' The colour of the Chaymas and other tribes of this region, is 'a dark brown inclining to tawny.' Lieut. Maw's Yaguas are a tawny yellow. The Paraguay Indians of the Charrua tribe are, according to Azzara, very dark with scarcely any mixture of the red tinge. A white race is stated to exist in Araucania. The Cherokees are somewhat of an olive cast, and some of their young women are nearly as fair as Europeans. The northernmost nations, those who inhabit the cold country behind Nootka, are white; while the natives of the low maritime countries of California, are nearly black. This variety of complexion by no means corresponds in all cases to the temperature of the country; but, as in Africa, races of lighter and clearer complexion are found existing in the midst of tribes of coppery or swarthy hue. In respect to figure, notwithstanding the prevailing uniformity, there are some very striking varieties. The Caribbees are distinguished from all the surrounding nations by their almost gigantic stature. The Patagonians are proverbially distinguished by their size. The Peruvians are rather diminutive. With regard to their craniological characteristics, the conclusion which Dr. Pritchard draws from a careful examination of the evidence laboriously collected, is, that 'the analogy between the Asiatic and the American nations in respect to the shape of their skulls, is much more remarkable than any difference that has been traced between them.'* 'We cannot refuse to admit', says Baron Humboldt, 'that the human species does not contain races resembling one another more nearly than the Americans, the Mongols, the Mantchoos, and the Malays.' It is remarkable, however, that the Mexican hieroglyphical paintings preserved at Vienna, Veletri, and Rome, exhibit figures with enormous aquiline noses, which seem to indicate the physiognomy of some races now extinct. As the figures so distinguished appear to be, for the most part, either priests or other dignified personages, there is, perhaps, room to suspect that they were of a foreign race. And to whom can the honourable prominence of nose be so properly assigned, as to the Hebrews? We throw out this hint for Mr. Worsley.

In the two thousand languages of the New World, notwithstanding an almost entire difference in their vocabularies and articulation, learned philologists tell us, that there prevails a remarkable analogy of structure, indicating a common centre. We must again cite the Baron Humboldt. 'In America, from the country of the Eskimoes to the banks of the Oroonoko, and again, from those torrid banks to the frozen climate of

* Pritchard's "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind". Vol. II. p. 406.

the Straits of Magellan, mother tongues entirely different with regard to their roots, have, if we may so express it, the same physiognomy. Striking analogies of grammatical construction are acknowledged (to exist), not only in the more perfect languages, as that of the Incas, the Aymara, the Guarani, the Mexican, and the Cora, but also in languages extremely rude. Idioms, the roots of which do not resemble each other more than the roots of the Slavonian and the Biscayan, have those resemblances of internal mechanism which are found between the Sanscrit, the Persian, the Greek, and the German languages. It is on account of this general analogy of structure,—because American languages having no word in common, (the Mexican and the Peruvian for instance,) resemble each other by their organization, forming at the same time a complete contrast to the languages of Latin Europe,—that the Indians of the Missions familiarize themselves more easily with an American idiom, than with that of the metropolis.*

Those Hebraists who contend for the derivation of all other languages from the sacred tongue, are accustomed to lay the whole stress of their argument upon a similarity, real or imaginary, in the primitive roots. Indeed, to make out a resemblance or analogy of structure between the Semitic and the Indo-European families, would tax the utmost ingenuity of the most German philologist. The notion, that the Indians are descended from the Israelites, we have seen, rests partly on the statement, that Hebrew words, or rather Hebrew sounds, have been heard among them. Were this the fact, it would prove, as we have already remarked, only thus much; that Jewish civilization had by some means extended itself to these remote tribes: just as the word *Allah*, occurring in the languages of Nigritia, indicates the extent to which the Mohammedan civilization has penetrated. But the only resemblance between the Semitic languages and the American idioms, consists not in the vocabulary, but in the grammatical structure. This analogy *may* have suggested 'the very ancient and universal opinion in the Missions,' that the American languages are related to the Hebrew, although a Hebrew scholar could alone have detected so recondite a resemblance. But we must recollect that the Spanish *padres* were not unfrequently nearly related to the Jewish nation; which may account for their predilections and many of their notions. 'Every where', remarks the learned Traveller above cited, 'on the Oroonoko as well as in Peru and Mexico, I heard this idea announced, and particularly by monks who had some vague notions of the Semitic languages. In the north of America, among the Chactaws and the Chickasaws, travellers somewhat credu-

* Humboldt's *Pers. Narr.* Vol. III. pp. 245—7.

‘lous (L’Escarbot, Charlevoix, and even Adair) have heard the Hallelujah of the Hebrews sung; as, according to the pundits, the three sacred words of the mysteries of Eleusis (*kona om pax*) resound still in India. I rather think, that the grammatical system of the American idioms confirmed the Missionaries of the sixteenth century in their ideas respecting the Asiatic origin of the nations of the New World. The tedious compilation of Father Garcia is a proof of this. The position of the possessive and personal pronouns at the end of the noun and the verb, as well as the numerous tenses of the latter, characterize the Hebrew and the other Semitic languages. The minds of some of the Missionaries have been struck at finding the same gradations in the American tongues. They were ignorant, that the analogy of several scattered features, does not prove that languages belong to the same stock.’*

The complex moods and conjugations by which the sense of the verb in the American language is modified, are so much more numerous than in the Hebrew, that, admitting this to be an excellence or beauty in their grammatical structure, we must suppose, that these barbarous dialects have been carried to a higher perfection than the sacred language. But, in their complicated inflexions, they are affirmed by Professor Vater, M. Duponceau, and other learned philologists, to approach much nearer to the Biscayan, the Georgian, and even the Congo. M. Duponceau, indeed, disputes their affinity to the Basque, chiefly on account of their supposed want of the verb substantive. This conclusion has been too hastily drawn from the absence of the auxiliary in forms of expression which would seem to require it. But, so far as this verb may be employed to denote simple existence, it is found in most, if not all the Indian languages. ‘It would be as just to deny’, remarks the ingenious writer on whose authority we make this statement, ‘that they have any verbs indicating action and possession, because the words *do* and *have* are not used as auxiliaries to other verbs, as it is to deny the existence of the substantive verb, so far as *being* is implied by it, because it does not perform in combination the office of asserting or affirming.’†

M. Duponceau is very eloquent in praise of the *polysynthe-*

* Humboldt's *Pers. Narr.* Vol. III. pp. 266, 7.

† *American Review*, No. LIX. p. 391. The conjugation of the verb *Iau*, to be, in the Chippewa language, is given at length in this interesting philological article.

In the Chayma, the substantive verb is expressed by *az*, and in Tamanac, by *uochiri*. ‘It serves not only to form the passive, but is added also, incontestably, to the radical of attributive verbs in a number of tenses.’ Humboldt's *Pers. Nar.* Vol. III. 259.

tic system of the American languages. After quoting from the Delaware language a more than sesquipedalian word, — *Wale-mulsoohaulen*, which signifies 'thou who makest me happy'; — he exclaims: 'What would Tibullus or Sappho have given, to have had at their command a word at once so tender and so expressive'!!! And he informs us, that the sentence, 'I do not wish to eat with him', is expressed by one word in the same language, *n'schingiwipoma*, and in the Araucan, *iduanclorarin*. In the Delaware, *Mamanoonxu* means, 'He-has-been-angry-some-time-and-is-yet-angry'. But, in point of the length of words, the Aztec, or Mexican, seems to have the pre-eminence. Thus, a kiss is called *tetennamiquilitzli*; a word formed from the verb *tennamiqui*, and the additive particles, *te*, and *litzli*. 'The most remarkable example', says Humboldt, 'that I have met with of a real composition of words, is found in the word *amatlacuilolquitcatlaxtlahuilli*, which signifies, 'the reward-given-to-the-messenger-who-carries-a-paper-on-which-is-painted-tidings. The word, which forms by itself an Alexandrine line, contains *amatl*, paper; *cuiloa*, to paint or trace hieroglyphics; and *tlaxtlahuilli*, the wages of a work-man.* The word *notlazomahuiztespixcatatzin*, 'venerable-priest-whom-I-cherish-as-my-father', is used by the Mexicans in addressing the priests. 'What soft ideas', remarks Dr. Walsh, 'must be comprised in the Canadian word, *noohomantammoneeknannoonnonash*, our loves!'† The following compound word in the Munsee, is scarcely less amusing; *mattape-wieaknik-schwannakwak*, 'bad-people-they-whites'.‡ The Biscayan comes very near to the American dialects in the length and structure of some of its words. Thus, 'I love him', is, *maitetutendot*; literally, I-loving-have-him.§

But is this 'polysynthetic character' of the American tongues, this enormous complication of tenses, of affixes and suffixes, this 'agglutination of words', as Humboldt styles it, a perfection in their structure, a proof of their richness and expressiveness? So far from it, that, as the learned Traveller justly remarks, languages formed upon this principle, are not only of necessity rude and poor, but, in their very nature, oppose obstacles all but insuperable to the improvement of the human mind. 'They are, in fact, unfurnished with that rapid movement, that interior life, to which the inflexion of the root is favourable, and which gives so many charms to works of imagination. The American languages (he adds) are like complicated machines, the wheels of which are exposed: the

* Humboldt's Researches, Vol. II. p. 246.

† Amulet, p. 60.

‡ Amer. Rev. No. LIX. p. 386.

§ Humboldt's Pers. Nar. Vol. III. p. 268.

'artifice of their construction is visible.' And that artifice is a mechanism of the clumsiest kind. They may be characterized, in a word, as *unorganized* languages, having no interior principle of development. What Humboldt calls 'aggregation'; takes place in the grammatical system of other languages; the tenses being formed originally by this process; but the roots have as it were the power of assimilating to themselves the particles which adhere to them, and acquire new properties with a slight increase of bulk. There is an intimate connexion, it has justly been remarked, between the powers and processes of the mind, and the means by which its operations are disclosed, the vehicle in which the thoughts are conveyed. 'After all the laudatory remarks which have been made on the subject of the Indian languages', says the American Reviewer, 'it will be found, that they partake essentially of the character of the people who use them. They are generally harsh in the utterance, inartificial in their construction, indeterminate in their application, and incapable of expressing a vast variety of ideas, particularly those which relate to invisible objects. The Indians are more prone to action, than to reflection; and this trait in their character has produced a corresponding effect upon their mode of speech. They employ few abstract terms, because their attention is directed to the visible objects around them, and to the relations which these bear to themselves. A similar tendency existed in the Latin language, and led to the complaint of Cicero, that it was unfit for metaphysical investigations.'*

A highly figurative language, how well soever adapted to the purposes of oratory,—and we are told of Lenni-lenapee Demostheneses and Shawanese Ciceroes,—must be utterly unfit for the communication of either abstract ideas or severe reasoning, as well as for the straight-forward intercourse of life. It suits the merchant as ill as it does the philosopher. '*Assontle-layeway-lhadeshaw*, the night-walking-sun', (Canadian,) may be a very poetical periphrase for the moon; but language is yet in its childhood, when such modes of expression form the shortest way of describing a familiar object. In the African dialects, we meet with similar instances of metaphorical language in common use. Thus, in the Mandingo, *jusu-bota*, angry, means literally, 'the heart comes out'. *Eree-ding*, fruit, is literally, 'child of the tree'. *Teelingabalia*, proud, is strictly, 'strait-bodied'. And noon is expressed by *teelee-kooniata*, sun-over-head. For brother, they have no better phrase than *ba-ding-kea*, mother's-male-child. Those travellers who have

* Amer. Review, No. LIX. p. 387.

laudably employed themselves in collecting vocabularies, have not been sufficiently careful to obtain the real force and literal import of the words which they have given us.

The present state of our knowledge does not enable us to determine what degree of affinity may exist between the American languages and the dialects of Northern Asia, from which region, unquestionably, the Mexican civilization proceeded. Out of eighty-three American dialects examined by Professor Vater, only a hundred and thirty-seven roots were recognized, which are found in the Mantchoo, Mongol, Celtic, Basque, or Esthonian. Professor Barton, of Pennsylvania, who has pursued the same mode of comparison, speaks with confidence of the traces of the Samoiède dialects unequivocally preserved in an immense portion of America. He has also discovered words common to the vocabularies of some American nations and those of the Koriaks, Tungoosians, and Kamtshatkans. On the other hand, accidental coincidences are found in the vocabularies of nations the most completely unconnected. Among other curious instances may be mentioned, the words *Inis*, island; *Isca*, (or *Uske*) water; *Boge*, soft; *Kak'eli*, all; which occur in both the Algonquin and the Irish. *Anah*, mother, in the dialects of the Tuscaroras and the Six Nations, corresponds very closely at once to the Tongoosian *Anee*, and the Mantchoo *Ana*, and to the *Neni*, *Ni*, *Ne*, *Nna*, or *Nne* of the Foo-lah and four or five other African dialects. *Attai*, father, in the Nadowassee or Sioux, is very like the Cantabrian *Aita*, and the Irish *At'air*; it occurs also in several African dialects. *Nika*, brother, in Illinois, approaches very near to the Ertana *Nitta*. *Tat*, or *Tata*, fire, in the Brazilian and Ostiak, resembles, though less closely, the *Eëta*, *Teca*, *Tah*, and *Uta* of the Foo-lah, Soosoo, Mandingo, and Houssa vocabularies. *Desa* and *Dees*, eye, in the Brazilian and Yenisean, seem identical with *Dees* and *Deesh* in the Moko and Bongo vocabularies, as given by Mrs. Kilham.

In some of the most striking points of resemblance, adduced by Humboldt, between the Mexican Indians and the Tatar and Mongol hordes, (e. g. their imitative arts, and their fondness for carving,) it might be shewn, that an analogy not less remarkable exists in the character and customs of some of the African nations. The Mexican calendar and zodiac are, however, clearly the same as those of Eastern Asia; and historical traditions, as well as many of their institutions, symbols, and monuments, connect the civilization of Central America with Tibet, Mongolia, and Japan. That civilization does not, however, according to the native annals, ascend higher than the sixth century; and it was of exotic origin. The sciences and arts of the Aztecs and Toltecs were clearly Asiatic; and they

appeared in the plains of Anahuac as strangers and emigrants among the previous inhabitants of the New World. The Peruvians were probably a more ancient colony; but their Manco Capac, like the Mexican Quetzalcoatl, the Bochica of Cundinamarca, the Paye Tzome of the Brazilians, and the Amalivaca of the Tamanacs, was a foreign stranger, white and bearded. Upon the origin of the aboriginal nations of the New World, history sheds no light; nor can philology afford us a clew that shall lead us through the dark labyrinth. In some important respects, the North American Indians are most remarkably distinguished from the more highly civilized nations of Mexico and Peru. Their spirit of independence, their patriarchal government, and their religious notions, (all natural, perhaps, to a nomade race, and partly attributable to that circumstance,) are in striking contrast to the hierocratic and regal governments and complicated social system of Anahuac and the Cordilleras, the terrible and bloody superstition of the worshippers of Mexitli, or the milder idolatry of the Peruvians. Their medicine-men and magicians, their mystic societies and colleges, their use of 'baptismal names' and *soubriquets*, as well as of generic marks distinguishing the clans, are all African, rather than Asiatic in their character, and remind us of the customs of the Mandingoes, the Timmanees, and the Soosoos, as described by Park, Golberry, and Laing. We offer no theory, but merely throw out these hints with a view to guard such of our readers as may feel any interest in such investigations, against premature or hasty induction from the most marked coincidences; as well as to shew the necessity of taking a wide range in our inquiries, if we would arrive at any satisfactory conclusions upon a subject so complicated and recondite as the origin or affinity of nations.

Art. III. *Illustrations of the Atmospheric Origin of Epidemic Disorders of Health, &c. &c.* By T. Forster, M.B. F.L.S. M.A.S. 8vo. pp. 216. London. 1829.

THE phenomena which are usually considered and designated as electric, are among the most remarkable in nature. It is to this hour a subject of dispute, whether those effects that are supposed to be connected in some way or other with the impulse of electricity, owe their production to mere modification, or to some actual substance. In other words, it is a point in debate, how far we are justified in viewing electric operations as manifestations of a subtile matter mingling with and transmitted through some bodies, while other bodies resist and repel it; or how far the production of the phenomena is explicable upon the supposition of a mere change in the condition of those

masses that are the subjects of the workings of this extraordinary power.

Recent discoveries have seemed to establish in some degree the affinity of electric and chemical agency; but notwithstanding the intimate connexion of these two wonderful principles in nature, as especially shewn to exist by the stupendous discoveries of Sir Humphry Davy, something still connects itself with electric action, which seems to leave the laws and combinations of chemistry far, very far, behind it. We know nothing, for example, in chemical mutation, at all comparable to that astonishing velocity with which the electric power traverses matter, so as almost to mock the computations of time and distance; and the mighty operations that are momentarily going on in the atmosphere with which we are surrounded,—if they are chemistry, are chemistry of a magnificent character and peculiar kind! Then again there is another point of view in which electric causation presents itself as possessing distinct efficiency and peculiar interest; and that is, in its connexion with those properties which are designated and discriminated by the term *vital*.

Some of our readers will recollect, that when we were engaged in considering the subject of Digestion, those very remarkable and very important experiments of Dr. Wilson Philip were alluded to, in which the power of galvanism (a species or mode of the electric power) was proved to operate the same effect as nervous agency, upon some of the most important functions of life. Those experiments, together with other observations and discoveries, have led to the deduction, that the rationale of nervous and electric impulse is identical; and a modern Author, treating on Digestion, while he objects to analogical inferences of this kind being too hastily deduced, or too far extended, remarks, that ‘if we should ever be fortunate enough to discover a leading and master principle connecting the organic and inorganic world, it will be most likely found in some *electric* relations that the one has with the other.’

From as long ago as the days of Hippocrates, and, indeed, before the time of that great physician, the variations of the atmosphere, in connexion with the varying state of the human frame, have been a matter of observation and remark; and the connexion of health and disease with the state of the air, has always excited the inquiry of philosophic observers. When modern chemistry at length unfolded the constitution of the atmosphere, it was natural enough to suppose, that much light would be thrown on this interesting, but hitherto obscure subject; that the salubrity or insalubrity of the air would be found to be referrible to the deficiency of this, or the superabundance of that quality. But no such variation has been de-

tested by eudiometrical experiments. Why plague reigns and rages with all its dread malignity in this district, while the disease is unknown in that, no chemistry has yet shewn,—no eudiometer, however skilfully constructed, has hitherto detected. Even the sensible or physical and obvious qualities of the air have no direct or seeming parallel with the production of disorder, in any thing like a satisfactory combination of cause and effect;—and thus, while atmospheric change demonstrably influences the animal economy (as it does indeed the vegetable) to a large amount, the *modus operandi* of its influence is for the most part quite as difficult of explication as when philosophers talked of air, and earth, and water, and fire, as so many material essences.

It has long appeared to us, that some modification of electricity is at the root, as it were, of many changes and effects consequent upon aerial influence. Whoever may take the pains of remarking upon his own sensations in connection with meteorological phenomena, will find, that there is no stretch of fancy required to establish the hypothesis, that man is more or less barometrically circumstanced in reference to atmospheric electricity:—more or less, we say; and the very degree, or rather the difference in degree, by which the susceptibility is marked, may in some sort be considered as proof and illustration of the principle contended for. It is those individuals who are erroneously termed *nervous*, who are the most sensible of the influence here adverted to. And this, it might be said, favours that doctrine which regards the link of communication between animate and inanimate being, as constituted by the electric conditions of the sentient or nervous system. The raving mad man is often more raving and more mad than ordinary, while storm and tempest are brewing in the vast magazine of circumambient space; and this fact, which in former times was deemed a proof that the *κῆλα θεοῦ* were the direct sources of maniacal paroxysms, would seem to harmonize with our present assumption.

Planetary attractions and lunar phases continued for a long time to be favourite ideas with theorists; but these notions have recently been rather scouted, and the bearings and circumstances of nervous or mental malady, have been sought for in physical or interior change, rather than in occult or exterior agency. Dr. Forster, however, seems to suppose, that we have too precipitately expelled the notion of planetary influence from our theories of madness, and that the term lunacy is not, as most of us at present imagine, too far fetched. But the reader shall have the Author's opinions in his own words.

Atmospherical electricity, of all the phenomena of the air which

affect health, is, perhaps, the most evident. To all these we may add, as links in the chain of causes, the attraction or some other equivalent power exercised on our globe by the moon and planets, which, though not perceived by us, nor detected by instruments, is nevertheless very easily deduced from the ebb and flow of the tides; a phenomenon tending to prove by analogy, the effect which solar and lunar influence must have on all the moveable fluid matter of the earth.

It has been a popular notion time out of mind, that atmospheric changes have an influence on the state of human health. And such a belief appears to be founded on reason; for, since a number of persons of various ages, of dissimilar constitutions and habits of life, and at different places, often become the subjects of disorder at the same time, so, is it rational to attribute their malady to some general cause which then prevails: and the occurrence of disorder in particular kinds of weather, or at stated seasons of the year, which some persons experience, naturally suggests the opinion that such cause resides in the air.

But it appears to me, that it is not the heat, the cold, the dampness, or the drought of the air, which is chiefly concerned in causing disorders, nor the sudden change from one to another of these states; but that it is some peculiarity in its impregnations and in its electric state. The pain felt in limbs which have been formerly broken, and the disturbed state of the stomach of many persons before and during thunder-storms, are sufficient, I think, to warrant such a conjecture.—During what has been called unhealthy weather, when other practitioners have spoken of the general ill-health of their patients, I have remarked circumstances which appeared to denote an irregular distribution of the atmospheric electricity.

But, though we admit the influence of atmospheric peculiarities on the health, yet, the manner and extent of their operation cannot be easily ascertained. They may deprive persons already weak of a portion of their electricity, and thus the energies of the brain and nervous system may be diminished; or the atmospheric electricity being unequally distributed in the air, or propagated downwards at intervals, it may occasion an irregular distribution of it in our bodies, and produce an irregularity of function.

From this postulate of the aerial origin and modification of disorder, Dr. Forster goes on to illustrate the principle, by referring to the atmospheric influence manifested on plants and on animals; and in the course of his remarks, he alludes to the periodical tendency which Nature exhibits, when she has to do with organic functions. It will be in the recollection of those among our readers who are at all acquainted with medical literature, that Dr. Darwin and others have insisted upon the necessity of tracing these periodical dispositions, in order to gain any accurate knowledge of pathology; but the present Writer tells us, that 'the periodicity of nature' was first pointed out to his attention by Dr. Spurzheim. As the section which contains our Author's opinions and observations on this head, is some-

what curious, and may lead others to pursue the same train of investigation, we shall extract a considerable portion of it.

'I had long before', says Dr. F., 'noticed the influence of the various states of the air on the health; but I was unaware that such conditions of the atmosphere had periods within the span of human life. Dr. S. observed to me one period which excited a phenomenon of very general operation;—that for one or two days, and at the interval of twenty-seven, many persons, without any ostensible cause, and without any particular complaint, felt themselves more irritable, and less disposed for intellectual exertion, than usual. He assured me, that very irritable persons experienced a certain irritability at the half distance of time between two such periods. This remark roused my attention to the subject of periodicity in general. I observed, that it was in this manner that the great phenomena of nature are wont to unfold themselves.

'The round of the seasons was one striking example; the revival of nature in spring, her maturation in summer, the fall of the leaf and the general decay of autumn, and the winter's gloomy picture of suspended life, are monuments of periodicity. Time alone appears to me not to be the cause of the phenomena of the seasons, but something which takes place at particular times. The place of our globe with respect to the sun, the grand mover of the seasons, naturally produces other secondary agents in the atmosphere wherein resides the periodical power exerted over the surface of the earth. That electricity is the principal of these agents, I have no doubt, from numerous experiments and observations which I have detailed in another place. Botanists have of late regarded the vernal rising of the sap and the growth of plants as affected by electrical causes. In proof of this, I may observe, that I have found hail and snow, so generally the vehicle of electricity, to be more conducive to early vegetation, than a warmer air, in a dry spring, or one which was attended by much unwholesome non-electric rain. The learned Abbé Bertholon goes further, and asserts, that plants growing near to conductors of atmospherical electricity, flourish better than those that are at a distance from them; and he relates one remarkable instance in France, in which some jasmine shrubs were planted against the side of a house, down the side of which was carried a metallic conductor of lightning. Of these jasmines, those which grew near the insertion of the metallic rod, acquired three times the size of the others, and extended so high as to reach the upper windows. If this be a right explanation of the disparity of size in the shrubs, those which grew by the conductor might not only have a larger share of the fluid exerted on them, but the conductor, according to the known laws of electricity, might deprive the circumjacent air, and consequently the more distant jasmines, of their natural quantity. Seasons in which there is much thunder and lightning, are the most productive of vegetable life. And the equilibrium of atmospherical electricity has been found much disturbed in seasons of epidemic pestilence. What are the remote periods of these electrical vicissitudes? Indeed, what are the great remote causes of aerial changes in general, are questions which still remain desiderata in philosophy.'

10 Dr. Forster has, we think, been more successful in shewing the connexion of electric impulse with organic, animal, and human existence, than in his aim to prove the periodicity, as he terms it, first suggested to him by his friend Dr. Spurzheim. We cannot help imagining, that there is a great deal taken for granted by those physiologists who advocate the regularity of function and connexion with solar, lunar, and planetary influence, which this regularity and periodicity suppose. For it appears to us, that, had there been a stable foundation upon which to erect their theories, philosophers, by this time, would have substantiated some conclusions, for the correctness of which they might have appealed to facts. At the same time, we are ready to concede, that something more than philosophy has yet dreamed of, has place both in the animate and the inanimate relations of the globe upon which we stand with the matter with which it is surrounded; and that observations, provided they keep clear of mere conjecture and the *petitio principii*, can never be too extended or too minute.

When discussing the topic of contagion and infection, Dr. Forster very properly draws a line of distinction between contagious and infectious diseases, the want of recognizing which, has produced considerable confusion and contradictory sentiments as to the laws which regulate the origin and spread of epidemic maladies. It is a curious fact, that modern science, with all its boasted improvements, is behind-hand with the ancients on the subject of pestilential visitation,—and partly on this account; that observers and reasoners respecting the spread of epidemic maladies, have too much overlooked the atmospheric source of distemper, and supposed the cause of all infectious maladies to be a something which, like the virus of small-pox, may be wrapped up in a pocket handkerchief, and conveyed from continent to continent. Then again, those who have opposed this principle of the importable property of infection, have erred on the other side by maintaining that a disease originally atmospheric, can never be communicated as a contagion; and have even, with more incautiousness than the contagionists themselves, flown in the face of fact, in advocating their favourite hypothesis. We must all, however, agree with the Author now under review, that ‘the particular laws which epidemics obey, are, like other atmospheric phenomena, involved in much obscurity.’

Having been so long free from pestilential visitation in this part of the world, we are inclined, perhaps too presumptuously, to attribute our immunity to improvements in medical polity, and to altered habits with respect to those particulars by which plagues of various kinds were wont to be engendered and propagated; and there cannot be a doubt, that the malignancy of

febrile disorder generally, has been much mitigated by the practical application of modern science. We are cautioned, however, in a work recently published by the Poet Laureat, not to rest too secure against future invasions. The passage to which we allude, is the following.

‘As for famine, that curse will always follow in the train of war; and even now, the public tranquillity of England is fearfully dependent upon the seasons. And touching pestilence, you fancy yourselves secure, because the plague has not appeared among you for the last hundred and fifty years; a portion of time which, long as it may seem when compared with the brief term of mortal existence, is as nothing in the physical history of the globe. The importation of that scourge is as possible now, as it was in former times; and were it once imported, do you suppose it would rage with less violence among the crowded population of your metropolis, than it did before the Fire, or that it would not reach parts of the country which were never infected in any former visitation? On the contrary, its ravages would be more general and more tremendous, for it would inevitably be carried every where.’ (All this, we remark by the way, remains to be proved.) ‘Your provincial cities have doubled and trebled in size; and in London itself, great part of the population is as much crowded now as it was then, and the space which is covered with houses is increased at least fourfold. What if the sweating sickness, emphatically called the English disease, were to shew itself again? Can any cause be assigned why it is not as likely to break out in the nineteenth century as in the fifteenth? What if your manufactures, avoiding the ominous opinion which your greatest physiologist has expressed, were to generate for you new physical plagues, as they have already produced a moral pestilence unknown to all preceding ages? What if the small-pox, which you vainly believed to be subdued, should have assumed a new and more formidable character; and (as there seems no trifling grounds for apprehending) instead of being protected by vaccination from its danger, you should ascertain that inoculation itself affords no security?’

In a long and learned section of the work now under notice, Dr. Forster has endeavoured to connect the appearances of comets from the earliest times, with states of general sickness, and frequently of specific or infectious disease. The following, we present as a specimen of the manner which the Author has adopted in the section to which we now refer:

‘1828. Comet called Encke’s Comet, still to be seen: it began to approach our orbit in autumn. On Sept. 29, the remarkable zodiacal light was seen, of which an account will be found in the *Essex Herald* and *Chelmsford Chronicle*. About the same time, the pestilential fever broke out at Gibraltar, and soon afterwards lesser epidemics appeared at Cadiz, at Paris, at Edinburgh, and other places in the outskirts of the central fever, which still prevail. See *Lancet* for December 1828, and January 1829. Intermittents had prevailed every where, last win-

ter and early in this spring in Europe.—1829. I have thus brought the catalogue up to the beginning of the present year. We have still the remains of the Gibraltar fever, and the epidemics in regions situated in its periphery.

The great Comet called Halley's, which will appear in 1833 and 1834, is now expected with great additional interest, not only from its having appeared so often before, but from its appearance having been accompanied with some remarkable atmospherical commotions, and with great pestilence. Whether this was the effect of accidental coincidence, or of some natural connexion, remains still in doubt, and will receive additional illustration by the sort of phenomena which may be found to attend its re-appearance. It appeared before in the years 1456, 1607, 1682, and 1759;—the first a year of earthquake in Italy, which destroyed 40,000 people; the second, a time of great atmospherical commotions, and swell of the ocean and rivers, and a winter of uncommon severity all over the world. In 1682, the plague was actually sporadic in Europe; and in the last year marked above, a great meteor made its appearance at Bombay, there was an earthquake at Damascus, and, with general pestilence, a mortal scurvy prevailed in Canada, and typhus in Bethlem.

'It is recorded', continues our Author, 'that about 500 comets have appeared since the Christian era, and above 100 are noticed before it. No doubt many small ones have at all periods passed unnoticed, and others have escaped observation from their position. It is certain that the most unhealthy periods have been those when comets of some size have re-appeared, and they have been accompanied by earthquakes, volcanoes, and atmospherical commotions, while healthy periods have been those when none of these phenomena have occurred. I have made out the above catalogue from curiosity, and with a desire to see, if possible, how far the opinions of the ancients, and of Mead, Sydenham, and Webster, among the moderns, respecting the influence of these phenomena, might be found correct; and though I am by no means prepared to make any positive assertion on the subject, yet, no one who dispassionately compares facts, can, I think, deny the coincidence to which I have alluded, however much he may doubt any theory of causation founded thereon. At all events, I have established it as certain, that epidemics depend immediately on atmospherical causes, whatever may be their remote origins; and have confuted, I trust, the idle tales about contagion being the source of pestilence, which seem calculated to produce mischief, by leading to erroneous, and oftentimes to unjust modes of practice.'

Were the Government of this country equally convinced with our Author of the rectitude of this last opinion,—or, more properly speaking, were the opinion absolutely proved to be established in verity,—much of annual expenditure might be saved by the abolition of quarantine enactments. But, although, with Dr. Forster and other anti-contagionists, we are inclined to go a great way, we hesitate in accompanying them to the full length of their inferences. Our sentiments on this interesting question are rather intermediate, and more nearly

allied to those broached some three or four years since in an elaborate work by Dr. Hancock; a work, by the way, which has not been sufficiently appreciated by the public,—probably because it refuses unqualified subscription to the creed of either party.

In that part of Dr. Forster's publication which is devoted to the consideration of electric influences acting more obviously and immediately upon the brain and nerves, he takes occasion to go considerably into the theory of spectral illusions. While he subscribes generally to the opinion of Ferrier and others respecting their explicable nature on the grounds of physiology, he seems to mix up a little of mysticism with his sentiments on the question of coincidence between prediction and fulfilment.

'How,' he asks, 'shall we account for the spectra which are so accurately recorded as the forewarnings of death and other momentous events? The spectre which appeared to Lord Lyttleton,* and foretold the hour of his death; the warning voice heard by Quarrens; the vision of Achilles; the shade of Brutus; the curious relations of Cardan, Koller, and of numerous other writers in every country of the world, will furnish ample instances of the cases I allude to. The same obscurity overhangs prophetic dreams as well as visions, and, indeed, belongs to all those events *which seem related to each other by some hidden law of coincidence*, without having any apparent natural connection. All reasoning on this subject,' he adds, 'must be rendered futile by our want of knowledge of the relations that may subsist between all the coincident and consecutive phenomena of the universe, regarded as constituting a whole, of which our imperfect perception of its parts renders us incapable of comprehending the harmony that pervades it.'

We are rather surprised that Dr. Forster should have overlooked the pathological law which often obtains in reference to mental impressions; *viz.* that they are as it were the accomplishers of their own predictions. This fact may be admitted without at all interfering with the still unsettled question of actual visits from 'the world of shadows.' Whatever may have been the nature or the providential design of the first conception or vision, the individual who shall have been the subject of it, and is fully convinced of its reality, has such an effect operated upon his physical organization through the medium of the sentient part of the frame, as to produce the effect either desired or dreaded. A very curious and instructive example illustrative of this principle, has been copied from a German work into the *Pantalogia*, the *Quarterly Review*, and the *London Encyclopædia*; in which instance, there is every reason to

* This story is now well ascertained to have been a mere fiction. His Lordship's death took place under very different circumstances.

suppose the event of dissolution would have proved actually coincident in point of time and circumstance with the imaginary announcement of it, had it not been for the skill and address of Dr. Hufeland, who, by giving the patient opiates, so as to throw him asleep till the critical period had passed, thus prevented death, which he saw visibly approaching. On waking from sleep, the narrator says, the youth eagerly inquired the time of day; and finding that the destined hour had passed, he immediately lost his hallucination, and his life was thus saved.

It will be obvious to our readers, that this explanation is offered of some thoroughly attested facts, not with a view of encouraging that scepticism which would deny and deride occasional interposition out of the natural order of things,—but for the purpose of discountenancing that disposition which some persons manifest to believe every idle tale which superstition or knavery may invent,—and to serve as a reply to what otherwise might be considered as an unanswerable appeal to actual observation and fact. It is even said, that an individual died not long since, on the very day of Mr. Abernethy's prediction, which was announced somewhat after the following manner: "Leave of absence for a month, friend!—why this day fortnight you will be a dead man!" Now we should be glad to hear from any person the most disposed to put faith in prescience, whether the announcer meant any thing more in this case—or knew any thing more about it,—than that, from his appearance, the probability was, the man whose death-warrant was thus signed, would not survive above a week or two.

But we find ourselves compelled to bring this article to a conclusion, having no space for further expansion of the notes we made in perusing the rather interesting, although not very well written volume which has elicited these remarks. Its Author, we must just add, is a strenuous defender of the fasting practice; so much so, that he almost unhesitatingly avows his desire for the return of Roman rites and Catholic ordinances, because the practice of periodical fasting is a wholesome injunction! The expression of this desire will be taken by some persons as a fearful sign of the present times. For ourselves, however, we continue fearless. Wellington may unrivet their chains; Cobbett may defend their Church; and Dr. Forster may approve their diet and regimen;—but neither Pope nor Pagan shall prevail!

Art. IV. *Aids to Development; or Mental and Moral Instruction exemplified in Conversations between a Mother and her Children.* 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 572. Price 12s. London, 1829.

OUR ancestors believed, that the great object of education was the formation of character. Whatever faculties existed in man, bodily or mental, they considered it as their duty to cultivate. In their schools, they provided for the body, manly exercises; for the understanding, the studies of logic and mathematics; for the creative powers, the study of that which is the greatest manifestation of them, language; for the will, the study of religion. The spirits who threw such glory over the fifteenth, sixteenth, and one large moiety of the seventeenth century, were trained upon this principle. And in whatever other merits their descendants have excelled them, for strength of sinew, for energy of thought, and energy of action, we certainly have never since looked upon their like.

The next period to this, however, was a very important one. As the age preceding the Reformation, the age of the Reformation itself, and that which immediately followed it, were destined, in the counsels of Divine providence, to be eminent in spiritual energy, so, the eighteenth century was to be that which should bring to light innumerable improvements in mechanism.

It would be more than ridiculous, it would be impious, to complain of the age, because this task was allotted to it, rather than those more noble and glorious ones which the foregone times had achieved. It was most desirable that circuitous routes to important ends should be exchanged for shorter ones; that simple and convenient methods should be exchanged for clumsy methods. But out of this good came forth an evil. As men are much more apt to be vain of that which they invent, than of that which they discover, the men of the eighteenth century became eminently more self-conceited and contemptuous, than those were who preceded them. Instead of admiring their predecessors for accomplishing such wonderful feats with so few advantages, against such a tremendous resistance;—instead of seeing what a vast spiritual power must have carried them forward when they had so little help from mechanical appliances;—instead of coveting their energy to direct their own skill, they laughed at those giants for the heaviness of the swords with which they hewed down so many opposers, and actually exulted in being unable to wield them. Pride brought its own punishment. The new and improved methods were worthless in themselves; they were useful only by bringing great ends sooner to pass; and when the ends were forgotten, they became converted into instruments for promoting mere selfish

and sordid interests,—absolutely insufficient for the higher object of cultivating the soul.

When men began to consider mechanism as all-important, and spirit as nothing, Education became a synonyme of Instruction. How to classify and arrange,—how to cram the greatest quantity into the mind in the shortest time,—how to get over a given portion of ground in a certain number of hours;—these became the great problems, which were solved by a thousand empirical system-mongers, all equally plausible in their means, and all about equally careless of the end.

The public endowed schools which our ancestors bequeathed to us, were still witnesses in favour of the true principle; but they were not faithful witnesses. The mechanical fever of the age had seized them also; and under its influence, they lost nearly all recollection of the ends of their institution. Only there was this peculiarity in their symptoms, that they clung to the old methods, merely because they were old, when better might have been formed; while the empirical innovators proposed to change them and the objects of education together.

This evil state of things has lasted in England till the present moment. Its existence has been protracted by a discovery which we must still regard as immeasurably important, though the fruits of it as yet have been feeble, and though it has produced this accidental evil consequence. We mean the discovery, that the poorer classes have a right to be educated. This persuasion took hold of men's minds at the time when the evil system we have been describing was in its highest and rankest state; and it is not perhaps surprising, that, in the vanity of benevolence, they should have declined asking themselves too curiously, what that education was worth, of which they were about to extend the benefits. Certain it is, that, in the works of Joseph Lancaster, the principle of substituting for true education,—the culture of the soul,—mere instruction or discipline, is carried to a height which it cannot easily go beyond.

Meanwhile, however, an important change had taken place in another country, Switzerland. Every body has heard the name of Pestalozzi; and it has been hawked about of late on all booksellers' counters, and in all newspapers; but we apprehend, that very erroneous notions are entertained of him and of what he achieved. He was not the inventor of a system; he was not the discoverer of any new truth. To suppose that he was the first, is the error of some quacks who have prostituted his name in this country: to suppose that he was even the second, is an exaggeration of his merit, which has proceeded from the affection of his foreign disciples. His great glory was, to revive the truth which animated our forefathers, and which had so long slept in our minds; that the business of education is to educate

the feelings and powers; in short, to form the man. His subsidiary merit is, that he has pointed out to instructors the order in which the faculties of the child develop themselves, and that he has furnished them with hints as to the best method of bringing those faculties to light. These hints are of course exceedingly valuable, because they are drawn from the long experience of an humble and diligent man who devoted himself, body and soul, to the work which he had undertaken. But they do not make up a system; he never regarded them in that light; he was miserable whenever it occurred to him, that others might so consider them. His work was to guide the instructors, not to fetter them; and it is precisely for this reason that we recommend the study of his works to all instructors. Many of his plans, they will find, may be improved by their own experience; and, as they were intended for Switzerland, no one who understands the importance of national characteristic differences, will import any of them unchanged into England. It would require a long study, to ascertain exactly the changes which would be necessary; but, speaking at random, we should say, that a somewhat tougher discipline, with a somewhat more palpable exhibition of religion than seemed to have entered into Pestalozzi's scheme, would be necessary in order to give due prominence to some of the more important elements in our national character.

The book at the head of our article, proceeds upon the Pestalozzian principle, that the development of the faculties is the object of education. It contains a series of conversations between a mother and her children, in which (with a few exceptions which we think blemishes) the children are not *taught*, but led to think for themselves. The preface states, that the book is intended less for children, than for parents, who are to use it, not as a manual, but simply as a guide to assist them in discovering the best methods of educating their own children. Any other view of the book would have been inconsistent with the scheme upon which it professes to be written; and in this view, we think it may be extremely useful.

A faultless work of this kind, or one nearly faultless, would, in the first place, be impossible, and in the second, mischievous, because it would lead instructors to trust more to it than to their own resources. The experiment of drawing out the powers of a child, is no easy one, as every person knows who has made it; and it saves so much trouble, occasionally to insert a little of our own when we ought to be seeking what is in the child, that no one has yet entirely resisted the temptation. The Writers of the "*Aids to Development*" have evidently felt it strongly, and occasionally have yielded to it. These deviations, however, as they do not constitute by any means a large propor-

tion of the work, and as the readers are warned very emphatically in the preface to expect them, will be almost as useful to intelligent parents in the way of beacons, as the more consistent and valuable parts of the book will be in the way of guide-posts. For this reason, as well as for the excellence of its design and general execution, we cordially recommend the work to those who think for themselves. To those who do not, of course, like all other works, it will be useless or dangerous.

The religious conversations, which constitute more than half the book, are arranged with great skill, and for the most part inculcate doctrines which we warmly approve; but they are, perhaps, more open to the objection we have mentioned, than the rest of the volumes. Nevertheless, few of those to whom the work is addressed, and to whom we have recommended it, will fail to derive great benefit from the perusal of them; and, as mere pieces of divinity, many of them are highly interesting.

These conversations embrace various subjects of education, and are held between a mother and her children, who differ from each other both in age and dispositions. We give the following with the youngest of the family, as the most convenient in point of length, though by no means the best specimen of the style in which the book is written.

‘ *INFANT DEVELOPMENT AND ARITHMETIC.*

‘ *Mamma.* Come, my little boy, tell me what this is ?

Edward. My hand, mamma.

Mamma. And how many hands have you, Edward ?

Edward. Two, mamma.

Mamma. Of what else have you two ?

Edward. Two eyes, mamma.

Mamma. And what other two things have you ?

Edward. Two feet, mamma.

Mamma. And have you two of any thing else ?

Edward. Two holes in my nose, mamma.

Mamma. Those are called nostrils, my dear ; and how many have you got of those fat, rosy things on each side of your nose ?

Edward. Oh, two cheeks, mamma.

Mamma. Now, think of some other things of which you have two ?

Edward. Two shoulders, mamma.

Mamma. And what is between your shoulders and your hands, Edward ?

Edward. Elbows, mamma, and two wrists also.

Mamma. Look about you, and you will find several more things, of which you have two.

Edward. Two thumbs, mamma.

Mamma. Put your hands on your face, and find me some more things there, of which you have two also ?

Edward. I said eyes, cheeks, and nostrils ; oh, there is the skin that covers my eyes.

Mamma. Your eye-lids, Edward ; and think of some things higher up in your face ; what are they called ?

Edward. Eyebrows, mamma. I cannot remember anything else that I have two of.

Mamma. You used two things, Edward, which you have not named, when you spoke to me now.

Edward. Did I, mamma ? I have only one tongue. Two teeth was it, mamma ?

Mamma. Have you only two teeth, Edward ?

Edward. Yes, mamma, many teeth.

Mamma. Well, dear, think again then.

Edward. Two jaws and two gums, mamma.

Mamma. Well, that is right, but there are two more things I want you to remember.

Edward. Oh, I have found out ! two lips, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, Edward ; but we have still many things to find out, of which you have two.

Edward. Two ! Two ! Two sides, mamma.

Mamma. Right ; now go on.

Edward. Two legs, mamma.

Mamma. And are your legs joined any where ?

Edward. Yes, to my feet.—Ah ! I have two ancles, and two heels, and two knees. Oh, what a number of things I have got two of ! Let me add them all together. Two eyes, two eyebrows, that is four ; two eyelids, that is six ; two nostrils, eight ; two cheeks, ten ; two lips, twelve ; two ears, fourteen ; two shoulders, sixteen ; two elbows, eighteen ; two wrists, twenty ; two arms, twenty-two ; two hands, twenty-four ; two thumbs, twenty-six ; two sides, twenty-eight ; two feet, thirty ; two ancles, thirty-two ; two heels, thirty-four ; two legs, thirty-six ; and two knees, thirty-eight.

Mamma. You have forgotten some things, Edward.

Edward. Oh yes, I forgot two jaws, forty ; and two gums, they make forty-two. What a number of things, mamma ! I did not know I had so many things !

Mamma. And don't you think, my dear, they are all of use to you ?

Edward. Yes, mamma, of great use.

Mamma. Let us talk about the use of some of them.—Can you tell me the use of your hands, Edward ?

Edward. Yes, mamma ; to lift things with, and to carry them about, and to roll my ball, and to open the door, and shut it, and to put on my hat, and to tie my shoes, and to eat with.

Mamma. What, do you eat with your hands, Edward ?

Edward. No, mamma, but I put my food in my mouth with them.

Mamma. True, my dear ; now think of some more uses for your hands.

Edward. To pluck flowers, mamma, and to give bread to poor people with, and to shake hands with you and papa and other people. I don't know any more uses, mamma.

Mamma. What would you have done without your hands this morning, Edward, when you were in my room ? What were you doing then ?

Edward. Oh, mamma, I use my hands to draw and to write with, and to hold my book, and to build bricks too, mamma, and to stir the fire with.

Mamma. I hope you never use your little hands for that purpose, *Edward.* That is one use for my hands, but not for yours, till you grow older.

Edward. Mamma, I can cut out paper with my hands, when you lend me your scissors.

Mamma. You can so, my dear; and there is another use which I wonder you have forgotten. I saw you using them just now for it.

Edward. Just now, mamma? Oh, to stroke my cat; and, when I was a little boy, I used them to hold by Jane, for fear she should let me down when she carried me.

Mamma. Cannot you remember any other use for your hands, my dear?

Edward. I will think, mamma. Yes, to dig in my garden with, and to pull up the weeds too, and draw the curtains with, and to wash my face with. Mamma, are they of any other use than those I have said?

Mamma. Think, my dear, for yourself.

Edward. I forgot to say, to water my flowers with, mamma, and to put crumbs out for the little birds.

Mamma. I remember another use, *Edward*; do you like to oblige me?

Edward. Yes, mamma, very much.

Mamma. And do your hands ever help you to do so, *Edward*?

Edward. Yes, mamma, when you tell me to bring you anything; your work-box or a footstool, or many other things. I am very glad God gave me hands, mamma.

Mamma. You must always try and use them, my dear, for the purposes for which they were given to you, and never for anything which God would not like. If you do not now recollect any other use for your hands, we will talk about something else; what shall it be?

Edward. My feet, if you please, mamma.

Mamma. Come then, tell me what is the use of your feet.

Edward. To run, and walk, and jump with, mamma.

Mamma. And what else, my dear?

Edward. Oh, to hop, and skip, and slide with, mamma.

Mamma. And think of some other use you can make of them.

Edward. To climb with, mamma, and to stamp on my spade, and to kick my ball with, and to put my shoes on to.

Mamma. I think your shoes were made to be of use to your feet, and not your feet to fit your shoes, *Edward*!

Edward. Yes, mamma, certainly; but my feet have not so many things to do with them as my hands. I do not know any more. May we talk about my mouth, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, if you wish it; but first tell me, how you spell feet, that I may write it down.

Edward. May I make the word with my letters, mamma? I can get the box in a moment.

Mamma. Do so, my love.

Edward. Here, mamma, are the letters — F E E T.

Mamma. How many letters are there, Edward?

Edward. Four, mamma. May I make hands too?

Mamma. You may, my dear; how do you spell it.

Edward. I will give you the letters, mamma, and you shall see if I am right. Here they are.

Mamma. You have given me H E N D S; does that spell hands, my love? Which letter is wrong?

Edward. The second, mamma; it should be A. There it is, don't move the letters, pray, till we have got all the words. Now mouth, mamma; may I talk about my mouth?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, you can easily find the use of that, I think.

Edward. To talk with and to bite with.

Mamma. Do you bite with your mouth, Edward?

Edward. No, mamma, with my teeth; but I eat with my mouth too.

Mamma. You do so; and what else do you do with it.

Edward. Kiss you, mamma, and my sisters.

Mamma. And what else, Edward?

Edward. Blow and breathe, mamma.

Mamma. You breathe *through* your mouth or through your nose, but not *with* them, my dear; when you are older, I will tell you how you breathe.

Edward. I whistle with my mouth, mamma, and pout.

Mamma. The last is a use I should be very sorry to see you make of your mouth, Edward; we were only to find *proper* uses for it, and I don't think that is a proper one; do you, my dear?

Edward. No, mamma; I only pout when I am cross. May I make the word mouth now, I do not know what I can do with it besides?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, if you know how.

Edward. Here, mamma, is this right:—M O W S E?

Mamma. No, my love, only the two first letters are right. I thought you would not find it so easy to spell as the other words. I will pick out the letters, and you shall try and put them together.

Edward. I cannot find out how they go, mamma; is this right—M U O T H? it sounds so.

Mamma. No, my love, you must make the second and third letters change place, and then it will do. Now spell it to me.

Edward. M O U T H. I think I shall know it another time, mamma.

Vol. I. pp. 84—91.

Art. V. *A Memoir of the Rev. Legh Richmond, A.M. of Trinity College, Cambridge; Rector of Turvey, Bedfordshire; and Chaplain to H.R.H. the late Duke of Kent.* By the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A.M., Rector of Burton Latimer, Northamptonshire, and Vicar of Biddenham, Bedfordshire. 8vo. Second Edition. pp. xii. 662. Portrait. Price 14s. London. 1828.

THERE are two very different descriptions of biographical memoir; one may be designated as historical, the other as

elegiacal or monumental. In the one, the distinguished character and memorable actions of the dead are the prominent subject of the narrative: in the other, the tribute of affection and regret naturally assumes a more sentimental cast. Every thing which belonged to the venerated or beloved individual, his opinions on all subjects, his most juvenile productions, his most private writings, his friendships and connexions, acquire an interest from association, to which intrinsically they could lay no claim; and as, in ancient times, the dimensions of the tumulus indicated the rank of the deceased, or the honour in which his memory was held; so, in the present day, there seems to be a pleasure felt in accumulating a literary mound that shall correspond in some degree, as to its size, to the estimation felt for the departed. Who can quarrel with this feeling, or who would nicely criticise the works which it originates? We confess that, in reading such memorials, we feel it equally necessary and desirable to dismiss every feeling of the critic; nor would it be fair to try such works by the standard of biographical excellence. That nice analysis of character, that accurate discrimination and stern impartiality which are the main requisites in a philosophical biographer, would, by their ill-timed display, give pain and offence, if employed in the monumental memoir, the object of which is to preserve as much as possible the very lineaments and appearance of the individual; to embalm, not to dissect his remains. The relation which such works bear to genuine biography, is that of documents and materials, of which future writers may be able to avail themselves, if the prominent part taken by the individual, his genius or his piety, render it desirable that he should be held up to posterity as an illustrious or useful exemplar.

It is needless to say, to which class of works the present volume belongs: it is sufficiently and very properly indicated by the title. It is a memoir, not a life. It comprises a collection of Mr. Richmond's letters, diaries, fugitive pieces, and other remains, interspersed with copious and desultory observations of a religious and practical nature from the Biographer, illustrative of the character, doctrines, and opinions of his friend. Those who were acquainted with the estimable Author of the *Dairyman's Daughter*, will not think the volume too large, in which every thing relating to him is thus affectionately accumulated. And the sentiments of which Mr. Grimshawe has made this memoir the vehicle, are in themselves so instructive and excellent, that we are not at all disposed to object to the occasional digressions into which he has been led. Still, he must excuse our saying, that a little compression would have made it more accessible to a large class of readers whom he would wish to benefit, without in the least diminishing its value. There is much

formal detail of insignificant events, a frequent recurrence to the same topics, and a repetition arising from the plan of the work, which ought to have been avoided. And we must add, that a sounder discretion would have led the respected Editor to withhold a very large proportion of the extracts from Mr. Richmond's private journals, which are totally unfit for the public eye, and the publication of which must tend to deter others from the useful practice which Mr. Richmond was accustomed to recommend.

The most interesting portion of the volume is Miss Richmond's letter, containing an account of her father's last illness and death. It displays the marks of a very vigorous and superior mind; and though glowing with filial affection, and therefore open to the suspicion of a duteous partiality, gives us the best insight into Mr. Richmond's real character. Although we suspect that a large proportion of our readers have anticipated our notice of this volume, (which accidental circumstances have delayed, very contrary to our intention,) we cannot refrain from extracting a few paragraphs from this tribute of filial piety.

“ I cannot express the veneration and love with which he was regarded by every one of his children. With an understanding of the very first order, a mind elegantly refined and polished, and feelings of the most delicate susceptibility, he had a heart overflowing with intense affection towards each of them, which was shewn by daily and hourly attentions of the most winning nature; and they found in him not only a counsellor and instructor, but a companion and bosom friend. They clung to him, indeed, with an almost idolatrous fondness. Each of my brothers and sisters will agree with me in the sentiment of dear Wilberforce (it was one of my brother's remarks a little before he closed his eyes upon his weeping parent), ‘when my heart feels too cold to thank God for any thing else, it can thank him for giving me such a father.’ He was the spiritual as well as the natural father of that dear boy, and I trust others of his children are thus bound to him by a tie strong and lasting as eternity itself. Surely the world does not contain a spot of more sweet and uninterrupted domestic happiness than Turvey rectory presented, before death entered that peaceful dwelling. It was ever the first wish of my beloved father, that our home should be happy; and he was never so pleased as when we were all sitting around him. Both in our childhood and youth, every innocent pleasure was resorted to, and all his varied attainments brought into exercise to instruct and amuse us. He was the sun of our little system, and from him seemed to be derived the light and glow of domestic happiness. Like the disciple, whose loving spirit I have often thought my dear father's resembled, his motto was, ‘little children, love one another’; and he taught this more effectually by sympathy than even by precept. Religion was unfolded to us in its most attractive form. We saw that it was a happy thing to be a Christian. He was exempt from gloom and melancholy, and entered with life and cheerfulness into all our sports.

“But we should not have been thus happy in domestic affection, had not our beloved father so carefully trained us in the religion of Jesus Christ. This was his chief concern, his hourly endeavour. He did not talk much with us about religion; but the books, studies, and even amusements to which he directed us, shewed that God was in all his thoughts, and that his great aim was to prepare his children for heaven. Religion was practically taught in all he said and did, and recommended to us, in his lovely domestic character, more powerfully than in any other way. He had a thousand winning ways to lead our infant minds to God, and explain to us the love of the Saviour to little children. It was then our first impressions were received; and though for a time they were obscured by youthful vanities, they were never totally erased; he lived to see them, in some instances, ripened into true conversion. It was his custom, when we were very young, to pray with us alone: he used to take us by turns into his study; and memory still recalls the simple language and affecting earnestness with which he pleaded for the conversion of his child. I used to weep because he wept, though I understood and felt little of his meaning; but I saw it was all love, and thus my earliest impression was associated with the idea that it was *religion* which made him love us so tenderly, and that prayer was an expression of that love. I was led in this way to pray for those who were kind to me, as dear papa did.”

“His reproofs were inexpressibly tender. He was never angry with us; but when we displeased him, he shewed it by such a sad and mournful countenance, that it touched us to the very heart, and produced more effect than any punishment could have done, for we saw that it was our dear father who suffered the most. In this way he gained such an ascendancy over our affections, that none of his children could feel happy if his smile was withdrawn, and all regarded that smile as a rich reward.

“The anniversaries of our birth-days were always seasons of festivity amongst us. We were generally awakened with his congratulations and blessing. ‘He rose up early in the morning, and offered sacrifice, according to the number of them all: thus did he continually.’ I love to recall those happy and innocent days, when our dear father, even in our childish sports, was the main-spring of our joys, and the contriver of every amusement. We always found a birth-day present for us, often accompanied by an affectionate note.

“It was very pleasant to travel with my father, he had such an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature; and every object of interest was pointed out to us with his own elegant and devotional associations. Often has he wandered on through the fine scenes of Scotland, both by day-light and moon-light, with poor Willy and myself at his side; and we have set down together on the sea-shore, or by the hedge-side, while he shewed us the image of the Deity in the beauty of his works: and whether he was contemplating the simple wild-flower or the resplendent firmament, he would point to the hand of Omnipotence in both. But his enjoyments at this time greatly depended upon his dear boy’s being able to participate in them: if Willy drooped, his spirits were gone, and nature lost its power to charm. I think he was gradually declining in his own health, though he did not

complain. He was watching the decay of his beloved son, while his own frame was giving way.

* * * * *

“ At this time, his character as a parish priest shone forth most eminently. He was singularly blessed among his flock. His heart was always in his work ; but more particularly did he now preach the word, in season and out of season ; ‘ reproof, rebuking, exhorting, ‘ with all long-suffering and doctrine.’ An increase of religious inquiry and anxiety among his people produced a corresponding increase of visiting and teaching on his part. He regularly met a party of his pious poor at a neighbouring cottage, on Tuesdays ; frequently a different set on Thursdays ; and on Sunday nights, after his fatiguing duties in the church, he met those who had been newly awakened to spiritual life. His heart seemed particularly interested in this last little party, which he used to call ‘ his *spiritual nursery*’. I have looked at him with astonishment, when he came to us on Sunday nights. Unceasingly occupied, from ten in the morning till ten at night, he met us with his usual cheerfulness, and entered into animated and interesting conversation, as if no fatigue was felt. On Sunday evenings, after the administration of the sacrament, he met the communicants. On these occasions, he was happy in being surrounded by his spiritual children, dearly loved by him, and, *on the whole*, he could look on them with approbation and confidence, as his ‘ glory and ‘ joy’. He was earnest in enforcing upon them consistency of character, and uprightness in temporal affairs : anxious that the enemies of true religion should have no cause to blaspheme from the inconsistencies of its professors, but that his people should adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour, and put to silence the ignorance of foolish men ; shewing, that *the doctrines of grace are the doctrines of holiness*.”

“ What he was in his family during the two last years of his life, my pen can but faintly describe. Since Nugent's and Willy's death, his affections were more concentrated on those who were left ; and he had also a more endearing tie, for he could now look on some of his family as his spiritual children. In conversation and reading, he could find companions in them. Very pleasant is the recollection of the happy and profitable hours spent in my father's study. He used to awake me at six o'clock every morning, and I read to him till breakfast. He was fond of this early hour, and kept up the plan even through the last winter. But it was injurious to him ; for when his cough was bad, and his health sinking daily, he would still rise before the servants were up, call me and my brothers, and then light his own fire, that all might be ready for the reading to commence. He made many valuable remarks as we went on. The last winter months, he wished me to read to him the Cripplegate Lectures. Archbishop Leighton, who was a particular favourite with him, was the last author we read together. Sacred is the memory of those hours : his health was declining, but his soul was ripening for glory ; and while listening with interest to the deep experience and triumphant victories of these holy men, he was probably anticipating the near approach of that time when he should join their company.” pp. 595—609.

'The vulnerable part of Mr. Richmond's character', says Mr. Grimshawe, 'has been considered to be his supposed neglect of his family and parish'. One is at a loss to conceive how so unjust and cruel an aspersion could have originated, till we recollect how prominent a place he occupied in the public eye, as the advocate of our leading religious institutions, and his disinterested activity in their service, which led him to turn to the account of public usefulness, all his occasional excursions from home. When, however, the claims of the different societies, and the calls of his distant friends, required him to give up a certain portion of his time, he appointed a regular curate, who united with that office the care and tuition of his children. He was also in the habit, during these intervals, of writing pastoral letters to his parishioners. Of his ceaseless solicitude for the welfare of his children, (whom he left, on such occasions, in the hands of an excellent mother,) his letters afford the strongest and most interesting indications; and they are replete with the most salutary counsel. But nothing on this point needs be added to the testimony of Miss Richmond.

That such a man as Mr. Richmond should have obtained no higher preferment in the Establishment, might awaken surprise as well as regret, did not the venerable name of Scott and many others occur to our recollection as parallel cases. There are some circumstances, however, connected with Mr. Richmond's preferment, such as it was, which deserve to be stated, as they do not appear to have been fully known to his Biographer. Mr. Grimshawe's account of his removal to Turvey is as follows.

'A few weeks after his engagement' (at the Lock Chapel), 'the rectory of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, became vacant by the death of the late Rev. Erasmus Middleton, author of "*Biographia Evangelica*." Mrs. Fuller, an eminently pious lady, was at that period in possession of the patronage of this benefice; and being desirous of conscientiously fulfilling the important and sacred trust committed to her, she wrote to the late Ambrose Serle, Esq., one of the commissioners of the Transport Office, author of "*Horæ Solitariae*," and many other valuable works, stating, that as she was much indebted to him for the benefit she had received from his writings, she would present the rectory of Turvey to any clergyman, of similar sentiments with himself, whom he might choose to recommend. Mr. Serle, who at that time attended the Lock chapel as his constant place of worship, immediately fixed on Mr. Richmond, as the fittest person among his clerical friends and connexions to fill this situation.' pp. 108, 109.

Now, it is possible, that Mr. Serle may, in some way or other, have expressed an opinion respecting the eligibility of Mr. Richmond; but we have authority for stating, that there were others, whether Mr. R. knew it at the time or not, whose ac-

tivity in the business was the efficient means of his nomination. Mr. Richmond, when in the Isle of Wight, was intimately acquainted with Mr. (now Dr.) Winter, who then resided there, and on whose services during the week, Mr. R. often attended. By him, Mr. R. was introduced to his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Maitland, whose son was connected, by marriage, with Mrs. Fuller. To them it occurred, on hearing of the death of the Rev. E. Middleton, that Mr. Richmond would be a most suitable successor, and that it was desirable to secure the Rectory for him. Under this impression, Mr. Maitland lost no time in applying to Mrs. Fuller, either directly or through his son and daughter; the application was successful, and Mr. Richmond obtained the living. This, we have reason to believe, was the real way in which Mr. R. became Rector of Turvey; it was entirely through the medium of Dissenters.

At that period, there were neither so many evangelical clergymen nor so many evangelical patrons in the Church of England, as there are now; and hence, to Dissenters, the Church was occasionally indebted for some of her best Ministers, and *they* for their personal promotion. Indeed, we have understood, that some opulent dissenters have purchased benefices in the Church, for the very purpose of conferring them upon good men, and, by this means, saving so much of the power of patronage from that prostitution and abuse which too frequently characterize its exercise; and we have heard, (but we cannot vouch for the fact,) that Turvey was obtained in this way, and with this view. There is something truly noble in such generous conduct; but, at the same time, surely, there must be something wrong in a system which can admit of, or require, such interposition. If the benefice in question was thus snatched from misappropriation by private benevolence, it would seem, from recent occurrences, that even this expensive generosity may be exercised without conferring *permanent* advantages upon that church for which it is put forth. There would seem, therefore, to be some *constitutional* defect in the system itself; and, until that be attacked, by those who alone have ability to reach it, all external applications, how well intentioned soever, can afford nothing but temporary palliatives. As the circumstance of a number of Mr. Richmond's parishioners having formed themselves into an independent congregation since his death, is well known, and as he himself seems to have suffered much, during his last days, from distressing apprehensions 'that all would be confusion in his parish' after his removal, we need offer no apology for looking at the fact according to the different suppositions that it seems to admit of, by way of explanation.

That amazing power, by which one unknown individual may place another individual equally unknown over the spiritual and eternal interests of hundreds or thousands of souls, was procured, we shall say, and exercised, with a scrupulous and conscientious regard to the responsibility it involved, and the stupendous results suspended upon it. A minister was thus placed in a certain parish, to many of the inhabitants of which he was eminently blessed, by conveying to their minds just views of evangelical truth; affecting and transforming them by its power; leading them to value it as they had never done before; and, in short, (instrumentally) "filling them with joy and peace in believing." After years of usefulness like this, he is called to his rest and his reward. That power, of which we have spoken, is again to be exercised,—that mysterious power, by which these people, as so much secular property, are to be transferred by one individual to another, neither of whom, it may be, they have ever seen,—and *one* of whom, by the *dictum* of the other, they are to receive and submit to, as their guide, in a matter of infinite importance! The one, we shall say, has exercised his power to the best of his judgement; and the other is a person of kindly feelings, and moral worth, and amiable character; still, the people may feel that, spiritually considered, they cannot approve of, or profit by his ministry. They have been taught certain specific principles, which to them are 'the truth', which they have learned to regard as the source of hope, and activity, and joy;—in *this*, they have been exhorted "to continue" and "to walk";—upon it, they are "to live";—they know and feel it to be essential to religious vitality. If, therefore, it be not imparted, what *can* they do but seek it for themselves? To this, then, we shall suppose them to be morally compelled,—compelled to retire from the edifice in which their fathers worshipped, and in which they themselves were "born to God";—to realize the distressing apprehensions which disturbed the dying hours of their departed friend;—to become, in fact, *dissenters* from the Establishment, not from any views opposed to it as such, but because, by the exercise of a certain power, interests which they dare not neglect, are in their estimation not promoted;—interests, for the very purpose of promoting which, the *previous* exercise of the power was made on their behalf. In thus departing from their hereditary fold, these people have either done right or done wrong. They have either been so badly taught, that they do not know the gospel when purely presented, and they depart from ignorance;—or, they do know it, but have it not, and are asserting the "necessity that is laid upon them", of seeking *that* "first of all." Or, here they may be in error; they do not know, perhaps, the rule laid down by some evangelical clergymen themselves, which forbids their for-

saking the church under any circumstances,—because, if they have error in the pulpit, they have the truth in the desk. Or, setting aside all these suppositions, they are captious and turbulent;—they are rebelling against the law of patronage, which, as part and parcel of the Establishment, they ought to know, is part and parcel of “our truly pure and apostolical church”, to which, therefore, so sanctioned, it becomes them most religiously to submit.

As the conclusion of the whole matter, several distinct and important considerations present themselves, which we can only briefly advert to. In the first place, it would seem, that the purchasing and the bestowment of livings, in an Ecclesiastical Establishment, by persons aware of the impropriety of the power they exercise, but who use it because it *would* be used, and would probably be used amiss, can produce, after all, but a temporary good;—so far, we mean, as the Establishment itself is concerned: collaterally, its benefits may be far more extensive. Then, since the future exercise of such power in the desired direction, cannot be guaranteed, it becomes difficult to say, whether any one is justified in voluntarily putting forth their hand to assume it at all. But further, it would appear, that the preaching of the Gospel by the evangelical clergy, instead of being, what Legh Richmond, almost with his dying breath, pronounced it, the best mode of preaching in order to promote the interests of the Church, *because* the least likely to make Dissenters,—is precisely that which will make them in the end, unless an alteration take place in the very constitution of the Establishment as regards the appointment of parochial ministers. They do not intend it, but it is not the less true, that, while they are teaching the people to love the Gospel, they are inevitably infusing into their minds something of the spirit of Dissent;—a spirit which springs from the fundamental maxims, that every man is to place the essential before the ceremonial;—that he is bound to do this for himself, because *of himself* he must give an account to God;—that, as to all external institutions, the apostolic declaration holds good,—the “kingdom of God is not meat or drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost”;—and that, therefore, *these* must be secured, whatever else may require to be sacrificed or forsaken.

Art. VI. *A comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles the Second, to the French Revolution.* By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters. 8vo. pp. 474. Price 13s. London. 1828.

THIS is a volume of pleasant reading, although it so far falls short of its titular promise, as to be somewhat deficient in distinct delineation and specific result. The subject is well chosen, and the materials for its adequate development are, on the whole, ample; although it may require considerable skill to manage and adapt them, since they lie scattered over an extensive surface, and frequently lurk in unsuspected hiding-places, whence it is not always easy to bring them out into broad daylight and fair equipment. The Writer, too, is evidently not unequal to his task, notwithstanding that a more spirited touch, and a more discriminating employment of shade and colour, would have added very considerably, not only to the attractiveness, but to the substantial excellence of his book. With all these qualifications for success, we cannot, however, congratulate him either on having actually vanquished the difficulties of his task, or even on having formed a correct estimate of its extent and mode of treatment. It includes both a wider range and a more profound research than he has taken into the account. In this case, it is not enough to be superficially conversant with the court memoirs and the average literature of the times under examination; nor will an insulated view of a particular period bring out the required result. Proximate causes are seldom sufficient for the satisfactory explanation of moral phenomena; and, while the originating circumstances are only to be found by the investigation of remote events, it is obvious, that nothing short of a large and comprehensive investigation can give an adequate solution.

One of the most indispensable qualities in the historian generally, but more especially in the historian of social life, is impartiality. The absence of this qualification must be fatal, not merely to fair and correct deduction, but to the very investigations on which sound inference must depend. In the present instance, a fearful trial of this temper presents itself at the very outset of the inquiry; and, unless it be managed with the utmost fairness and the greatest skill, the effects of failure at the first step, will be felt throughout every future movement. When we cast our glance on the aspect of affairs at, and immediately antecedently to, the Restoration, we are at once struck with the apparent conflict between some of the most extreme and important elements of political combination. On one side, we find the stern republican spirit; on the other, the most entire devotedness to royalty: nor is the opposition less obvious between the

high religious principle of the puritans, and the accommodating system of the court. It would be an insult to the understandings of our readers, were we to dwell for a moment on the absolute necessity for holding an even balance in our estimate of such a state of things as this, or on the weakness of the very attempt to exhibit its correct delineation, while under the influence of gross and glaring partialities on some of the most essential points of the matter in hand. Now, this is our preliminary objection to the present Writer, that being, as he is, a decided, not to say an exceedingly shallow anti-puritan and anti-republican, he has undertaken to portray a state of society in which republican and puritanic principles and manners were at mortal strife with Erastianism, libertinism, and absolutism.

‘Religious disputes, and religious fears, had a yet greater share than political grievances in the disturbances of the times, and are always the most powerful motive of action in popular insurrections. The parliamentary leaders, therefore, became almost all, during their long struggle, either zealots or hypocrites; their manners assumed a ferocity, their minds contracted an intolerance, and their language a jargon unknown, except among a few fanatics and polemical divines before the civil wars. During the temporary quiet under Cromwell, every one, even of those whose manners and tastes had been formed in better times, and whose minds were above the vulgar prejudices of the day, were yet obliged to conform to their dictates. All the troublesome observances prescribed, and all the restraints exacted by their clergy, were complied with, and all the nonsense they uttered was swallowed, for fear of the suspicion of a secret attachment to Popes, Kings, or Bishops.’ pp. 33, 34.

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‘The nation, proud of its victorious struggle for civil liberty and independence, and anxious to enjoy the fruits of it, found itself tyrannised over and dictated to, in all the details of social life, by a fanatical clergy. The extraordinary circumstances of the times, and the nearly balanced parties of Puritans and Presbyterians, had lifted both into an authority little less arbitrary, and much more individually oppressive, than that of the Roman Catholic religion. To check the supposed advances of that religion, under the cover of episcopacy, had been the single point of union between two sects, both equally hating each other, and both equally intolerant. The proscription of every thing that would bear the name of amusement, in which the Presbyterians exceeded even the Puritans, left the people no place of public resort but the church.

‘Here their preachers laboured continually to perpetuate the influence of those violent prejudices, on which alone their own authority was founded. They excluded from the minds of their auditory every liberal idea, every enlightened and elegant pursuit, and endeavoured to confine their views of human nature, and the affairs of men, within the narrow circle described by the particular creed of their own sect.’

pp. 36, 37.

Independently of the exaggeration and coarse colouring which characterize these statements, they have, in their situation, as part of the Introduction, a mischievous tendency to excite prejudice; though, on the other hand, they may serve, in some measure, to supply the antidote, by betraying the spirit and temper in which the general inquiry has been undertaken. Nothing can more clearly prove the want of capacity for large and liberal inquiry, in the present Author, than his attempt to degrade the puritanical clergy by the quotation of absurd and disgusting expressions from their published works. Will he take this as a test? Will he abide by the consequence of an extended examination? It is indicative either of deplorable weakness, or of intense perversity, when a writer snatches up a set of detached phrases for the purpose of proving a point, without reference to the history or the actual state of literary taste. We feel no disposition to argue this matter with a reasoner so exclusively devoted to one view of the question, or we could soon parallel his list of vulgarities and quaintnesses, by citations from men, the appeal to whom he could not himself reject. It is, in fact, a cardinal error in the construction of this work, that it starts at score, without clearing, or even exploring the ground over which the course should lie. We have no illustration of present from past circumstances; nor have we a distinct and comprehensive exposition of things as they are. A slight and rather amusing volume is but a poor substitute for the adequate investigation of an interesting and important inquiry. Of courts and courtiers, we have enough, and more than enough; but, of the national character, the modes of life and the habits of thinking of the English people, we have little or nothing. We feel, indeed, some difficulty in dealing with a book which furnishes us with little more than citations or statements from publications already noticed by us, or in other ways familiar to our readers; and we shall evade, rather than overcome our embarrassment, by considerable brevity in our notice.

The profligacy, unmitigated by the smallest regard for decency, which distinguished the English Court at the Restoration, is fairly exhibited. The disgusting coarseness from which the King's mistresses were by no means exempt; the absence of all principle among the court nobility and the hangers-on of royalty, and the consequent negligence of high moral feeling and behaviour, even on the part of those who had not positively yielded to the prevailing grossness of conduct, are illustrated by references to contemporary evidence. A remarkable contrast to this undisguised depravity, is presented by the equally debased, but better managed, state of morals at the court of France. Nothing, it is probable, ever exceeded the depravity which prevailed there during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.

Sensuality, rapacity, intrigue, the most selfish aims, and the basest compliances, were, among those of rank, the characteristics of the time. Virtue, however, though *but* a name, kept its name still; and we scarcely know how to condemn as hypocrisy, the etiquette which, in the very midst of criminal indulgence, maintained a grave and dignified demeanour. In England, vice in its gross nakedness, was avowed and patronised with so little reserve, that, among the great, 'not to be corrupted was 'the shame'; while, in France, though equally cherished, it was never permitted to make its appearance, but in full and fashionable dress. A decided proof, however, that this superior regard to appearances, was the result merely of the personal characters of the two monarchs, and not of any national superiority in morals or intellect, is deducible from the circumstances of the civil commotions which, about this time, agitated the rival nations. This point is well stated by the present Writer, and we shall allow him to express his sentiments at length.

'The difference of national character is perhaps nowhere more strongly marked than in the motives and conduct of the contemporary civil wars of France and England. The Fronde was directed entirely against individual character,—our Rebellion against principles of government. Both may be said to have failed in their object, the one by the establishment in power of Cardinal Mazarin, the other by the Restoration of Charles the Second. But the war against principles had served to develop the human mind, and to throw light on the real end and only true means of government. The war against individual character had debased the mind, and given expansion, only, to private pique and hatred. It took away all dignity of motive, and all shame of abandoning or supporting leaders, except as they rose or fell with the wheel of fortune. The parliament of Paris, after having put a price on the head of Mazarin in 1653, publicly harangued him as the saviour of the state in 1660, without any other change in circumstances than his having established his authority. By this conduct they lost the power ever to do more than make useless remonstrances against measures, which they had neither the right to oppose, nor the virtue to control.

'But the parliament of England, which had defended five of its members from the King himself in person, when coming to seek their punishment in 1642, preserved and developed within it the seeds of that power, which, in 1676, voted the exclusion of the only brother of the reigning king from the succession to the throne, and in 1688, spoke the voice of the nation in declaring that brother for ever an alien to that throne, of which he had proved himself unworthy.

'Nor is the difference of the two national characters less remarkable in the conduct, than in the motive of their civil commotions.

'The reluctance with which in England both parties resorted to arms; the length and patience of the discussions, in which one side claimed, and the other allowed, rights, at that time unheard of in the

other governments of Europe, contrasts remarkably with the unfortunate precipitancy with which, 150 years afterwards, the Declaration of Rights was made and enforced in France at the beginning of her Revolution. The same reluctance is observable in the appeal at last made by England to the "*ratio ultima*" of nations, as well as of princes, and the same precipitancy in the whole conduct of the Fronde. The facility with which the leaders on either side raised armies to support pretensions, or avenge wrongs, in which those armies had neither interest nor participation, marks the unaltered mobility of the national character, its love of military enterprise, and of the bustle and business of military glory.

With us, the troops were enlisted, not as the followers of such or such a leader, but called on to defend by arms, in the last resort, a solemn league and covenant between the governors and the governed, which they had all individually sworn to observe and to maintain. The few followers who surrounded the standard of the unfortunate monarch, when first erected against such opponents, proved how entirely a conviction of the identity of their *own* rights, with those they were called on to assert, was necessary to bring them into action.

pp. 141—144.

But the relative condition of the two countries underwent a complete change in the course of a few years. The reigns of William and of Anne restored the habit of external decorum, and raised the moral standard of society, in England; while the regency of the Duke of Orleans in France, gave a blow to virtuous principle, of which the injurious effects are not yet healed. Perhaps, there is hardly to be traced, in the history of nations, an instance of a series of administrations so peculiarly and mischievously influential, in this respect, as the boasted *siècle de Louis Quatorze*, the vice-regal government of his profligate nephew, and the reign of the sensual and selfish Louis the Fifteenth. Of all these various shiftings in the social and political scene, illustrations, entertaining enough, will be found in the present volume, although they are not sufficiently striking or original to tempt us into lengthened extract or comment. It is, in fact, the fault of the book, that these things are indicated, rather than discriminated; and we have no alternative between this brief notice, and a more extensive examination of the matters in question, than we feel disposed at this moment to undertake.

Art. VII. *The Age*. A Poem. In Eight Books. 12mo. pp. 298.
Price 7s. 6d. London. 1829.

AMONG the various orders of the reading world, there is one pretty numerous class, comprising persons who, when

a volume of poetry is put into their hands, accompanied with a strong recommendation, will submit to read it, and, when asked for their opinion, will, perhaps, praise it; they liked it very well, but would have liked it better had it been in prose. For once, we can enter into their feelings: we should much have preferred the production before us, had it been in plain prose. And this on many accounts. In the first place, in reviewing prose composition, if the subject be important, and the sentiments just, we are not called upon to scrutinize very nicely the Author's style and mode of expression, which are at least subordinate considerations; and if, upon essential points, we are in accordance with the Writer, we can, without committing ourselves, give our recommendation to his work. Whereas, when a volume of poetry comes before us, we feel called upon to examine in the first instance, the metrical structure of the composition,—the flights of fancy or felicities of diction by which its pretensions to the character of poetry may be substantiated. The circumstantials of prose are the essentials of verse; we mean the beauty and melody of language. But this is not all. Were it true, as Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* was taught, that all that is not verse is prose, and all that is not prose is verse, then, what failed to be good poetry, might perchance still pass for respectable prose. But this is not the case. There is a style which is neither the one nor the other; a hybrid sort of composition, resembling blank verse to the eye, and prose to the ear, but not reducible within the laws of either. Those ill-natured fellows, the Edinburgh Reviewers, once printed some lines extracted from a poem in blank verse, in the form of a running paragraph, in order to make it appear that it was not poetry, because it might be read as prose. Now a bad reader may make the best blank-verse read very prosaically, and therefore the experiment was an unfair test. Yet, if a passage thus *transposed* reads fluently and harmoniously, we may be tolerably sure that it is susceptible of the genuine cadence of verse. On the contrary, while the following lines are very far from being verse, no one could mistake them for prose.

- ' Like him is seen the lordly overseer,
Intended primarily as the priest
Of mercy, and the Father of the poor,
But now become their tyrant and their scourge.
'Tis true, the real evil he performs,
The other's far from equals;—but the pride
Of heart, the haughty will is just the same.
- ' Pride reigns too, in the senate, if that name
Can still be given to the motley crowd
Who form its ranks,—the half more fit to learn.
And yet on earth, 'tis called the choice select,

Of all the wisdom, virtue, excellence,
 And talents of the nation. And in truth
 It may be so ; but more's the pity, more
 The shame that wisdom is so scant, so rare
 Is virtue, excellence so far from good,
 Talents so wasted and so misapplied.
 All countries are the same, but Britain's light
 So far superior, where the gospel's sun
 Has burn'd so long and brightly, one would think
 Had purified her senate, and redeemed
 Her from the sweeping charge ;—far otherwise
 The Truth. Bear witness, Oh, ye echoing roofs,
 And you, ye walls, repeat the tart reply,
 The angry taunt, foul Slander's whisper, oaths
 Half-spoken, curses muttered, and,—Oh, worse
 Than all,—repeat it not,—the name of God,
 The three-times holy name of God, abused
 By light appeals, and heartless reverence.
 Gather it up ye winds, and waft away
 The stigma, the reproach from British isles.
 The wisdom of the nation !—then the wise
 Are wise in their own foolishness ; “ the world
 By wisdom knows not God ; ”—and all through pride.

pp. 32, 33.

Had we met with this passage in a prose essay, we should have felt bound to examine how far this representation is true. But the first question with most readers will be, Is this poetry ? We repeat, that we wish the present Writer had presented his sentiments to us in another form, because we are persuaded he would have done more justice both to his subject and to himself. His views are liberal and patriotic, his observations for the most part just ; his design is evidently good ; and his ‘ poem ’, if it has not the pungency of satire, is free from its malignity. He deals occasionally, it will be seen, in a little round invective, but it is directed only against vice. He avails himself, of course, of the poet's privilege, to despatch various difficult questions in the oracular manner belonging to the craft ; and he does the office of a prophet (as Mr. Irving would say) in loftily rebuking England for her faults, and threatening her with impending punishments. The following passage is a fair specimen of the poem.

‘ Nor must be thought this Age is wiser, taught
 By past experience fatal, that to live
 In freedom, man must ever live in love.
 Alike, from east and west of Britain cries
 Are hourly wafted o'er the ocean's breast
 By gales of heav'n indignant, to her ear,
 For mercy and for justice like refused.
 But oh ! my harp ! how can I sing the shame

Of Britain? how declare her crimes? how tell
 Of brethren carried from their homes,—their all
 Of happiness destroyed,—their country left
 Far in the distant wave, while they are borne
 To other countries, other climes,—there forc'd
 By blows man would not offer to his beast,
 By threats,—than which hell's promise scarce were worse,—
 By curses, oaths, and lacerated flesh,
 And nameless other cruelties, to till
 The ground on which they were not born; to rear
 The plant for which they care not, and whose worth
 They ne'er receive;—sufficient just to keep
 Their life within them,—is their own, no more;
 To sweat and wear away that life for whom
 They love not,—that their tyrants may enjoy
 The fruits of their hard labour,—rendered rich
 And grateful to their palate, by the thought
 Of all the stripes and sufferings and woes
 And ignominy that the slaves endured,
 To gratify their carnal appetite.
 Such in the Western Indies is the state
 Of men,—of brethren though in colour chang'd,
 The Britain from the Afric;—as the sun
 The fruit makes darker which remains exposed
 To noontide warmth, than that which lies concealed
 In shade impenetrable:—brethren both,—
 Sons of one parent, bearing visibly
 Alike, God's image on their front; alike
 Their form, their senses, appetites, and lusts,
 Their wants, their reason;—all alike but hue
 And power;—and the Briton's heart is black
 As is the Afric's outside,—he within,
 Comparatively pure;—and for the power
 The Briton has superior, has the black
 The greater feeling, more humanity,
 More meekness, patience, virtue,—and is viewed
 By God with wrath less hot, with far more love.
 Nor doth the Eastern Indian make appeal
 Less loud, less forcible; atrocity
 May perhaps shun the noontide splendour there,—
 Dark outrage, the meridian sun;—but groans,
 The voice of kings and people dispossess'd
 Of country, justice, wealth, and,—though the last
 Mentioned, the dearest to the soul of man,—
 Their independence and their liberty,—
 The voice of kings and people, bowed by yoke
 Of strangers whom they know not, of a land
 That felt no injury from them;—the voice
 Of millions of immortal souls, of minds
 That must endure through all eternity,
 Soliciting of fellow-men the rights

Made free by God to all—for all ordained,—
Are wafted ceaseless to the British shores,
To British ears, but not to British hearts.
These far-famed sons of freedom boasting tell
Of Indian tyrants slain, dislodged, through whose
Oppression and abuse of power, and foul
Extortion, were the people sunk in slavery ;—
By them dislodg'd ;—but better far the sway
Of native tyrants, native conquerors,
Than that of strangers to them barbarous,
Far distant and unknown, or never known
But as the lawless victors, as a horde
Of restless, avaricious despots, men
Whose ruling passion is the spirit malign
Of lust, of power, and of wealth.—Alas !
My country ! slavish souls are sons of thine.

‘ But hark ! I hear another sound distinct,
Across the Western Sea ;—from Canada,
Majestic province ! grand and wondrous work,
And beautiful as grand, of God Almighty.
But 'tis not like the others, a shrill cry,
A plaintive pray'r for freedom ; these are not,
Like Afric's sons, or India's, crushed beneath
The tyrant's yoke, as brutes and not as men
Considered ;—mortals they are deemed by sons
Of Britain, though unworthy still of full
And free participation in the rights
Of Britain's subjects ;—why unworthy ? why
Unequal to their brethren of the East ?
The rous'd Canadian knows not ; and of strength
And arms, and power possess'd, he utters not
A plaintive pray'r for freedom, but demands,
With tone indignant, and a low-breathed threat,
A restoration to all nature's rights !

‘ And what says Britain ?—With a jealous eye
Fix'd full and steadfast on the blooming land,
The free and independent states, once her's,—
Till, wearied of the proud tyrannic rule
They cast it from them,—with an eye full fix'd
On these self-liberated, ancient slaves,
A bosom that still beats with humbled pride,
Unvented spleen, and mortifying shame
At her defeat, till then unheard of, loss
Of empire vast, of what to her had been
Most dear, the brightest jewel of her crown ;
And, with a heart untutor'd by the past,
Still proud and haughty, obstinate and vain,
Inflexible to counsel, by reproof
Unsoftened, by demands and pray'rs unmoved,
Untouch'd, and by her punishments unwarn'd,—

She turns to the Canadian's loud complaints
 An unstopped ear,—and to his low-breathed threats—
 Low, but alarming, awful, deep, and full,—
 The jeer deriding and the laugh of scorn.

O Britain! thou who standest so secure
 In thine own might, to thine own power trusting,—
 Take heed and ponder, that thou fallest not.
 Laugh on, and take thy fill of joy while joy
 And smiles remain,—while thou hast pow'r to laugh;
 Aye, revel in thy bliss, while bliss is thine
 And thou canst revel; for afar I see
 In the horizon's outskirts, half obscured
 By hazy mists impervious by the sight,
 A seeming speck, portending, O my land!
 My country! thy humiliation deep,
 Thy slavery, thy fall; unless thou turn
 Thee from thy evil ways,—repent and live.
 Like the approach of prowling midnight thief
 Deceitful, shall it come, unseen, unheard.
 Thou in thy bed shalt lie thee down in peace,
 But wake in sadness sorrowful; thy laugh
 Shall turn to weeping, and to grief thy joy,—
 To slavery thy vaunted freedom;—dust
 Shall be thy garments,—ashes be thy bed,—
 Thy meat affliction,—and thy tears thy drink—
 And marred shall be thy beauty; so despoiled,
 That even thy familiar friends shall pass
 And know thee not;—while they, thine enemies,
 To scorn shall laugh thee, shall revile thy state,
 Mock at thy fallen grandeur and thy pride
 Reproach,—and tread thy glory under foot.
 Be wise! avert the evil day, and live.' pp. 120—127.

But are subjects of political economy and great national questions a fit theme for satire or poetical declamation? We think not: they are beyond its grasp and reach. Satire may aim its light shafts at flying follies with success; and sometimes, though rarely, may put to flight, or at least put to shame, some palpable improprieties. If vice can be made ridiculous, something is gained for the cause of virtue. But national sins and legislative delinquencies, the political vices of statesmen, the deep-seated disorders of the heart, ambition, pride, avarice, the sins of the church and the priesthood,—these kinds go not out by means of such exorcism. We question whether Cowper himself, the most virtuous and amiable of satirists, ever effected much by lashing the Church and State of his age. Had he lived in the present day, he would have chosen a far different strain. The present Writer, however, we must do him the justice to say, is not blind to the more pleasing features of the age he sings.

I envy not the spirit that alone
In the dark vista of futurity,
Known to God only, can discern dark shapes
And fearful spectres, apparitions dull;
Can hear alone the bitter wailing cry,
The startling screech, and the dread voice of doom;—
Mine eye I feast on many a scene of joy;
Behind the darkest cloud is visible
To me, the splendour of a noon-day sun;—
Forms I perceive, and shadows;—but the forms
Are angel-spirits stretching out their arms,—
Auspicious signal!—and the shadows dark
To me appear the ghosts of sin and woe,
From earth their bodies banished;—and I hear
A choir of heav'nly music, soft as sweet,
And sweet as cheering;—and a burst of joy
From bands of souls immortal, in their bliss!

But wander back, my harp, again to earth,
And tell one other cause, which, manifest
In Britain, helps to light within my soul
The torch of hope,——to drive away despair!
There seems a watchfulness, a looking for,
An expectation, an anxiety
For some great change approaching. Ev'ry rank
And party, of a crisis seem aware:—
Some, eager for its coming. They will stir
Their every energy, and exercise
Their influence, to aid th' expected birth,
To urge on its arrival,—to prepare
Their fellow creatures for this great event;
While on the rest appears a look of doubt,
Of terror and alarm;—each whispers each
Of former warnings known to Ages past,
Of old, portentous signals;—but abroad
They speak not of it; stillness then and gloom
Distinguish them;—like nature, gloomy, still,
Prior to an eruption, to a crash,
A fierce contention of her elements!

And in America there too appear
Like symptoms, like prognostics of a fate
At no great distance.—But America
Than her less ardent parent, shows more life,
More stir, more motion, more of gladsome joy!
And in her history of late are seen
Blessings more copious,—more of charity
And love divine,—and more of the effusion
Of the most Holy Spirit of our God!
She has attained a giant's strength, ere Time
Her energies hath dried;—and wisdom's crown,
Before her locks are sprinkled through with gray,

Or wasted are her powers!—Shall she lead
 The triumph in Creation's jubilee?—
 Known unto God are all things, and his will
 Shall prosper! ever shall his counsel stand!" pp. 288—291.

* * * * *

Then is it not an Age for hope?—Hope thou,
 My soul, in God;—and to His Sovereign will
 Submit the issue.—Spirit of my God,—
 Thou who at Pentecost didst warm the hearts,
 The tongues inspire of thy disciples,—warm
 The hearts, and fire the tongues, and give success
 To the endeavours, of thy faithful seed
 On earth; nor their remaining hope defer,
 Till sick become their spirits. Shine O God,
 Upon them;—show thyself their watchful friend,
 Their errless guide, firm stay, and sure support;
 Their justifier, and their gracious God.
 Give pinions to thy truth,—and bid it fly
 With a resistless energy, propelled
 For ever onward by thine own soft breath,
 Into each bosom, into every heart.

Great Author and Proprietor of thought!
 Master of clear perception!—on the earth
 Diffuse still more this heav'nly principle!
 Give to mankind clear judgment, to discern
 Reality from falsehood,—shadows vague,
 Deceitful semblances,—from honest truths,
 Substance material;—to understand
 Thy will, thy holy pleasure;—to perceive
 Thy track in the deep waters;—and to trust
 To thee, Almighty,—shouldst thou bid them walk
 In the dark barren desert, where to doubt
 Is death;—or on the billows of the sea,
 Where infidelity is ruin,—want
 Of faith, destruction;—or in death's lone vale,
 Where languishes humanity,—where flesh
 Sinks unavailing, and all earthly hope
 Hath fled the bosom;—Then, my God, impart
 Assurance of thy presence to their soul;
 Fill them with heaven, with Thee;—nor let them feel
 A thought terrific;—be thyself their thought!
 And mingle with each impulse of their heart!

Visit, O Lord, the earth!—It pants and thirsts
 For the refreshing, vivifying dew,
 The moisture of thy breath of blessing. Stay,
 Defer not, Great Jehovah!—Hasten down
 In fullest plenitude of mercy, clad
 In all-creating love;—and the wide earth

Replenish with thy glory and display
 Of perfect majesty ;—nor let remain
 One of thy creatures unconvinced of thee,
 To raise again a carnal, sinful Age! pp. 295—297.

The strain of fervent piety which pervades these lines, will shew, that if the mantle of Cowper has not fallen upon our Poet, he has caught a portion of his spirit. As a poetical model, the *Task* would mislead imitation, and it has probably misled the present Writer. Cowper, in his satires, emulated with success the rough vigour of Churchill, and he improved upon his master. In the *Task*, he shines as a descriptive poet; and it is to descriptive poetry, that blank-verse is best adapted. Didactic verse requires the curb of rhyme, to prevent its running away with the poet. All young poets are fond of dabbling in blank verse, tempted by its apparent facility; but it is, in fact, the mode which requires the nicest ear and the most practised hand. It is susceptible of the finest modulation on the one hand, and, on the other, is liable to become the most discordant and untunable.

Art. VIII. *Memoir of the Rev. Pliny Fisk, A.M., late Missionary to Palestine from the American Board of Missions.* By Alvan Bond, Pastor of the Congregational Church in Sturbridge, Massachusetts. 12mo. pp. 400. (Portrait.) Price 5s. Edinburgh. 1828.

THIS is in some respects the most interesting biographical record that has been given to the public since the *Memoirs* of Henry Martyn, with whose name that of Pliny Fisk is well worthy of being associated in lasting remembrance. Both laboured and suffered in the same cause, the best of causes; and both, at nearly the same early period of life, were dismissed from their labours to the higher services of the heavenly world. In their characters, they had much in common. 'Decision, perseverance, intrepidity, judgement, modesty, patience, and benevolence', were traits harmoniously combined in the well-proportioned and truly consistent character of the subject of this memoir.

'As was said of Henry Martyn, "the symmetry of his stature in Christ, was as surprising as its height."'

This memoir is drawn up on the plan which has become of late so popular, of interweaving the biographical narrative with copious selections from letters, diaries, and other documents; a method which certainly lessens the trouble of the biographer,

and affords him the opportunity of making up a volume at the least expense of intellectual labour. It has also the apparent recommendation of giving to a memoir somewhat of the character of auto-biography; while it pays the reader the compliment of allowing him to form his own judgement of the talents and characteristics of the individual who is made to furnish this post-humous disclosure of his feelings. These circumstances may account for its very general adoption. We have, nevertheless, strong doubts whether this is the most instructive and efficient mode of writing biography. We really think that it would be far better, were the life of the individual presented to us in a distinct form, interspersed with only such brief extracts from letters or other documents, as might be necessary to illustrate or substantiate the statements in the narration; and the letters and remains to which it would form an introduction, might be given separately. They could not then, indeed, be made to furnish a text for desultory remarks and long digressions; but they would speak for themselves. The biographer would in that case incur the responsibility, it is true, of making a competent use of his materials; and this would require a careful examination of documents, and an effort at analysis and compression; whereas the present receipt for memoir-writing admits of a volume being made up with facility by any man, woman, or, we were going to say, child. But really, religious biography is too important a task to be carelessly or incompetently performed. The portrait of such a man as Fisk, demanded a vigorous pencil.

The interest of the present volume is not much diminished by the slovenly manner in which it is edited, as it consists almost entirely of a compilation from Mr. Fisk's papers. The value of these would, however, have been greatly enhanced by a few judicious notes and some retrenchments. For instance, Mr. Fisk, in one of his letters (p. 191), starts some Biblical inquiries, new to himself, but which have received a full discussion in the pages of Biblical scholars. These ought not to have been suffered to appear without the appropriate solutions. At Jerusalem, Mr. Fisk visited the holy sepulchre, and was induced to believe, that the spot desecrated by the Romish jugglery and mummary, is in all probability the place where our Lord lay. A want of information could alone have led him to pay any attention to Chateaubriand's authority on such a subject. There is the clearest evidence, that Calvary could not have been near that spot. Indeed, the topographical notices which occupy much of the journal, are so scanty, and sometimes so incorrect, that they should either have been accompanied with notes by the Editor, or suppressed. Many of the blunders are evidently typographical. The communications of a Christian missionary are al-

ways highly interesting at the time of receiving them; but their permanent value consists in the light they throw upon the field of missionary enterprise; and they can be made subservient to this end, only so far as they afford original information or convey the matured results of experience. We are almost ready to envy, however, the simplicity of feeling and ardent piety expressed in the following letter, notwithstanding the almost Romish easiness of faith which it betrays.

“ I have now spent four days in the city where David lived and reigned, and where David's Lord and King redeemed the world. The house I inhabit, stands on mount Calvary. My little room has but one small window, and this opens towards mount Olivet. I have walked around Zion. I have walked over Calvary. I have passed through the valley of Hinnom, drunk of the waters of Siloam, crossed the brook Cedron, and have been in the garden of Gethsemane. The next day after my arrival, I made my first visit to the tomb of my Lord. I did not stop to inquire, whether the place pointed out as his sepulchre, is really such or not. If in this there is any delusion, I was willing to be deceived for the moment. The church was full of people, but, though surrounded by them, I could not suppress my feelings. I looked at the dome which covers the tomb, and thought of the death and resurrection of my Lord, and burst into tears. I entered and kneeled by the marble which is supposed to cover the spot where the body lay. My tears flowed freely, and my soul seemed to be moved in a way I cannot describe. I dedicated myself anew to my Lord, and then offered up my prayers for my father, brothers, sisters, and particular friends.

“ I implored a blessing on Andover, and on all missionaries, and ministers, and on all the world. It seemed then as if Jesus Christ the Son of God had really suffered, died, and risen from the dead. The period of time that has elapsed since his death, dwindled as it were to a moment. The whole seemed present and real. O what sufferings! what love! Dear brethren, it was for us he died. Shall we not then live to him? He died to save us from sin. Shall we not then avoid sin in all its forms? He died to save us. Can we then be unwilling to make efforts and undergo privations to save others? If you think I have made any sacrifices, or undergone any hardships, I assure you I forgot them all when in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. But alas! how little do I see around me of the efficacy of that blood which was shed on the cross. The Christian pilgrim cannot enter the building that covers the tomb of his Redeemer without buying permission from the enemies of his faith. I suppose at least three-fourths of the inhabitants of Jerusalem deny the divinity of our Lord, and the atoning efficacy of his death, and I fear all or nearly all the rest adore his mother and his disciples with almost as much apparent devotion as himself. When I was at Gethsemane there were so many armed Turks about that place, that I did not think it prudent to stop, but only walked across the field,

‘ Where once thy churches prayed and sang,

Thy foes profanely roar.’ ”

pp. 262—264.

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Topographical information, however, it made no part of Mr. Fisk's object to collect, and we find fault only with the indiscreet publication of his imperfect notes. For, after all, it is not the detail of what such a man saw, and of the places that he visited, that we wish for: such pleasant traveller's gossip is quite out of place in a volume that ought to be occupied with the instructive memorial of all that was heroic in his conduct, lovely in his character, animating in his example, or instructive in his experience. These remarks, it may be said, will apply to many volumes besides that which has elicited them: we mean them to have a very general reference. They are not uncalled for.

The following extract from one of Mr. Fisk's letters, deserves consideration. He is speaking of the embarrassments under which the American Board of Missions at that time laboured for want of funds.

"For missionaries themselves to speak on the subject of contributions for their own support, is a delicate thing. I have more than once resolved never to mention the subject in my communications to you or others. If I know myself, I would never do it for my own support or comfort. I would sooner, in case the provision now made for my support should fail, devote one half my time to labour, and thus support myself. But when I read the journals of our brethren in other missions; and when I look at Smyrna and Armenia, and then see how difficult, how next to impossible it is, for the Board to send additional labourers into any of these fields, though there are young men ready to go, who ask for nothing but their food and clothing, I cannot but wish that I were able to say something which would rouse Christians to greater liberality. When a tabernacle was to be built, the people of Israel, of every condition, age, and sex, came forward voluntarily with their offerings, till the priests were obliged to say, 'Stop! There is enough and too much.' When a temple was to be built, David offered willingly gold to the value of eighteen or twenty millions sterling, beside a large amount of silver and other things, and his chief men then offered a much larger amount; and David's prayer shows that, instead of feeling any reluctance, he offered all this from choice, and felt unworthy of the privilege of doing it. Thanks be to God for the grace bestowed on his people, there are, in the present day, many bright examples of cheerful liberality. But, alas! how often is the opposite true! What reluctance! What frivolous excuses! What absurd and ridiculous objections! I have been an agent for the missionary cause, and shall never cease to remember, with gratitude, the kind encouragement, the cordial approbation, and the cheerful contributions of a few, in many places which I had occasion to visit. But the coldness, the shyness, the studied neglect, the suspicion, the prejudice, which the simple name of *missionary agent* produced in the minds of many who profess to be Christians, to have their treasure in heaven, to prize the Gospel above all other things, and to pity the perishing heathen,—cannot easily be forgotten. A missionary ought unquestionably to labour contentedly, and

be grateful for whatever support the churches may afford him; and, I am sure, if the donors could know with what emotions missionaries sometimes read over the monthly lists of contributions, they would not think them altogether ungrateful. But, is it a *duty*, is it *right*, while so many are living at home in ease and affluence, that missionaries should bring themselves to an early grave, by cares and labours, which might be relieved by a little pecuniary assistance? I know not how it may seem to others; but, knowing as I now do the various expenses to which a missionary is constantly subjected, it seems to me hardly possible, that the sum you allow should appear too great. The sum which we receive, is a mere pittance, compared with what other travellers, who come into this part of the world, expend. It is, in fact, small when compared with what the episcopal missionaries in these parts receive. You merely defray the expenses of your missionaries, and those kept down by the most rigid economy; and yet there are generally several waiting, who cannot be sent abroad, for want of money." pp. 165, 6.

In this country, at the present moment, we fear the want of money is not more urgent than the want of suitable agents.

Mr. Fisk was born at Shelburne, U.S., June 24, 1792. In 1811, he was admitted to Middlebury College, Vermont; he completed his professional studies in the theological seminary at Andover. In 1819, he bade an adieu to his native shores, and sailed for the scene of his missionary labours under the auspices of the American Board. He arrived at Smyrna in Jan. 1820, and spent the greater part of the next six years in different parts of Syria and Egypt. The following letter, dated Beyroot, Oct. 20, 1825, was written to his fellow labourer, the Rev. Jonas King, a few days before his death.

My beloved brother King,

Little did we think, when we parted, that the first, or nearly the first, intelligence concerning me, would be the news of my death. Yet, at present, this is likely to be the case. I write you as from my dying bed. The Saviour whom I have so imperfectly served, I trust, now grants me his aid; and to his faithful care I commit my immortal spirit. May *your* life be prolonged and be made abundantly useful. Live a life of prayer. Let your conversation be in heaven. Labour abundantly for Christ. Whatever treatment you meet with, whatever difficulties you encounter, whatever vexations fall to your lot, and from whatever source, possess your soul in patience; yea, let patience have her perfect work. I think of you now in my dying moments, and remember many happy hours we have spent together. And I die in the glorious hope of meeting you where we shall be freed from all sin. Till that happy meeting, dear brother, farewell!

P. FISK.

- Art. IX. 1. *Letters to a Friend, intended to relieve the Difficulties of an anxious Inquirer*, under Serious Impressions on the Subjects of Conversion and Salvation. By the late Rev. Thomas Charlton Henry, D.D., of Charleston, South Carolina. Second Edition, revised and corrected, with Memoirs of the Author, and other prefatory Matter. 12mo. pp. 266. Price 5s. 6d. London, 1829.
2. *Advice to Religious Inquirers*, respecting some of the Difficulties arising from the present State of Society. By James Matheson, Minister of the Gospel, Durham. 12mo. pp. 232. Edinburgh, 1828.

THESE two volumes have in a great measure a common object, although the specific difficulties for which they aim at providing relief and remedy, are of a somewhat different character; and they belong to a class of works of which there is confessedly a deficiency. While the religious public have been well provided with doctrinal and practical works, yet, there are few that contain that advice and counsel which are suited to the varied states of individual feeling under the pressure of religious anxiety. Dr. Henry's work appears under the fraternal auspices of the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith, who has been induced to undertake the task of preparing these Letters for the press, 'by a conviction that, with much originality and independence of sentiment, they exhibit a picture of the human mind in some of its most interesting states of feeling.'

'The invaluable treatises of Preston and Sibbes, Shepard, Alleine, and Baxter, Halyburton, Doddridge, and Witherspoon', continues Dr. S., 'a part of the richest treasures of the true church of God,—enter only upon some of the sides and sinuosities of this ample field, and fall far short of exploring its obscure and dreary extent. Dr. Henry's prompt and vigorous mind formed a boldly comprehensive idea of the object which it was so desirable to accomplish. That he has carried every point, and left nothing further to be attempted or to be wished for, it would be absurd to pretend. But, by a few rapid and masterly strokes, he has done much; and he has done it well. He has left his dying legacy; a work which could have been produced only by a fine natural genius, aided by extensive scriptural study, habits of deep experimental self-knowledge, large intercourse with men, penetrating observation, and, above all, a very abundant measure of sanctifying influence from the Almighty and Holy Spirit.'

To this encomium on the volume, we feel it unnecessary to add any recommendation of our own; and we shall merely say, that the religious public are laid under fresh obligations to the learned Editor, who, amid his multiplied avocations, academic, pastoral, and literary, has found time to discharge this humbler office of kindness and usefulness. The contents of the letters are too diversified to admit of analysis within convenient limits,

and a specimen seems almost unnecessary. The following very judicious remarks, however, will admit of being detached, and we transcribe them with pleasure into our pages.

‘ You ask, *whether God ever withholds his grace from the Inquirer, in order to try him further, after he is already endued with a penitent and humble frame of feeling?*’ The whole tenor of my letters is against the affirmative of this question. But it deserves more explicit notice.

‘ I have more than once known persons in deep distress, advised to persevere, under the idea that the Dispenser of pardon may be putting their patience to a test ; or, in other words, waiting until they acquire this virtue, as a preliminary to the reward of acceptance. This is very injudicious and unscriptural. Instead of proving an incentive to perseverance, as it is intended to be, it is discouraging in the extreme. The unregenerate sinner can achieve nothing to *entitle* him to favour : and there is no intermediate state, in which he can ever be supposed, between ruin and grace. Nor can any withholding, on the part of God, when the sinner approaches aright, detain him in the former of these conditions. If it were otherwise, and we were allowed a supposition on this subject, then the death of the sinner, in that intermediate state, would leave the fault of his final rejection from heaven at the door of the Author of his being.

‘ The examples which you have quoted, in the Syrophenician woman, the importunate widow, and the neighbour soliciting bread, were never designed to encourage such a conclusion ; nor have they any reference whatever to the case. The trials which God may suffer his people to undergo, while he supports them at the same time, and improves some grace within them to their ultimate good, is no indication that he ever would stand back, a single moment, from the penitent sinner. To require immediate and unconditional submission on our own part ; and to tender the promises in return, and then delay their fulfilment ; has never been the manner of the Divine dealing. The prayer of the true penitent is answered at once, although it may not be in a way perceptible to himself, nor with the immediate consequences to his own mind, which he had fondly anticipated. We must learn to distinguish between the *manner* and the *thing* ; between an utter refusal and the mode of conferring the boon. I should not hesitate to say to any complainer on this subject, that either his prayer was already answered, or the fault was entirely his own. We cannot escape this inference, if we consider the Creator as consistent with himself. I cannot, therefore, restrain an expression of regret, when I read a contrary sentiment, in works expressly designed to relieve or assist the Inquirer. The question seems to be so clearly and unequivocally settled in the word of God, that it is a matter of surprise how it should involve a doubt in any other mind, than one harassed by its fears, and confused by its perplexities.’ pp. 225, 226.

The contents of Mr. Matheson's work are as follows : Chap. I. The nature of religious inquiry, and the best means of pursuing it.—II. The influence of erroneous preaching on the

minds of religious inquirers.—III. The influence of human writings.—IV. The influence of intimate intercourse with open transgressors of the Divine law.—V. The influence of worldly professors.—VI. The influence of ridicule.—VII. The difficulties arising from the case of backsliders.—VIII. The difficulties arising from the existence of so many different denominations in the Christian church.—IX. The difficulties arising from the imperfections of real Christians.—These difficulties, it will be seen, are chiefly such as are referred to in Scripture under the denomination of ‘offences,’ or stumbling-blocks; and they are such as arise out of the existing state of society, secular and religious. The work is more argumentative, therefore, and enters less into the interior workings of the heart and conscience, than Dr. Henry's Letters. It is designed, indeed, to administer succour and advice at a different stage, and one scarcely less critical than that to which Dr. H. has addressed himself; to rescue not so much from anxiety with respect to personal safety, as from scepticism and fatal declension under circumstances of outward difficulty and temptation. Nothing can be more judicious than the manner in which Mr. Matheson has executed his task; and the work is well adapted to do extensive good. If a little more of the vivacity of familiar correspondence could have been thrown into its pages, it might have rendered the perusal more attractive to young persons; but to those who are really in earnest in their inquiries, the substantial value of the advice it tenders, the candour, discrimination, and sound judgement by which the Author's remarks are characterized, and the kindness of his aim and manner, will render it a most suitable and acceptable present. And it may, we think, be very especially useful to younger ministers, and indeed to Christians generally, in supplying them with useful hints as to the best way of dealing with a large and interesting class of the community, whose eternal interests are often placed in jeopardy by the difficulties here combated. As a specimen of the work, we take from the fourth chapter, the Author's statement of a difficulty with which, under some circumstances of a distressing character, it is a more painful and delicate task to engage than with, perhaps, any other.

‘If it be indeed true, that evil results from the example of mere acquaintances who are amiable, but destitute of religious principles; we may readily conclude, that when religious inquirers are exposed to the influence of relations, or dear and intimate friends who are irreligious, the injurious effects will be much greater than in the former case. It may be that they are parents, or at least those whose opinions have been adopted as wise, and whose example has powerfully influenced their formation of character. The very supposition, that these persons, so beloved, and so venerated, are exposed to the displeasure of God—that

they are living constantly in a state of the greatest danger, is painful in the extreme. "What", they feel constrained to ask themselves, "are those individuals, whom they have loved and honoured, the enemies of God? Can those who have been so useful in the spheres of life they occupy, be notwithstanding this, among the number who are described as 'having no hope and without God in the world?'" Their minds revolt at the statement.

Here we perceive that not only has the natural unbelief of the heart been strengthened against the Bible by an evil example; but even filial affection, and the claims of friendship unite to oppose its unbending statements. All the endearments of domestic life, all the pleasures of the social circle, seem to be blighted; and the very idea of receiving tenets which so intimately and fearfully affect a Father's or Mother's welfare, appears little less than parricide. There is a rising up of the spirit against the fearful declarations of Scripture; and the suggestion of the "evil one" may lead them to fancy, that after all, as far as it regards their present peace, they should take their *chance* with their friends.

But such a state of mind cannot long continue. These persons cannot proceed far in their search after truth, without discovering that their friends are really in the state of danger represented in the word of God. Still, however, the doubt comes across their minds, and they feel inclined sometimes to welcome it—that all this cannot be; and that in some way or other their friends may yet escape, though destitute of even the form of religion.

Why are their minds thus agitated and distressed? Why do they for a moment cherish thoughts which bear the stamp of infidelity? Because they are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the character of God, the extent of his law, and the nature of sin; and consequently they do not know the fearful transgressions of which their friends have been, and are still guilty, while rejecting religion. They cling to the idea, that God will not be *strict* to mark iniquity; while they forget, that if God were to mark iniquity at all, the holiest must perish.

While a better acquaintance with divine truth will rectify the above and other mistakes, one or two difficulties which disturbed their minds at first may still linger. They may still ask, "how can we account for the fact, that persons possessed of sound judgement, and who are conscientious, respected, and useful in the world, should yet in the matter of religion be so careless and opposed to God? Or how is it that there is so much in their conduct that is excellent and amiable, even while they make no profession of Christianity, and refuse to be called religious people?"

They will find these questions also answered, as they proceed in their inquiries after truth. They will soon ascertain, that no natural or acquired talents—no amiability of disposition, will of themselves have any influence in leading men to seek the knowledge of God. Alas! how frequently is a contrary effect produced. These individuals have never seriously examined Christianity, or considered its high and paramount claims: their powers of mind, and their desires after knowledge, have been directed to other pursuits, and exercised

on very different objects. They have willingly allowed the love of error and indifference to keep them from the investigation of divine truth. Conscientious in worldly matters between man and his fellows, they have not been so between God and their own souls. They have been earnest and sincere in the pursuit of knowledge, as far as it was connected with natural and physical truth; but they have shrunk from the investigation of the moral and spiritual truths of Jehovah. The external evidences of Christianity they have indeed glanced at; but they have no wish to find them true. And why is this? Because the heart is diseased, and they dislike God. Because the very character they sustain among men induces them the more readily to reject true religion. They cannot endure a system which seeks to overthrow all their fondest hopes, and bring them down from the fancied elevation on which their pride of heart had placed them, to the level of the guiltiest in the sight of God. Possessing the esteem of men, they try to persuade themselves that they can do well enough without the favour of God: or that if the latter is really needed, their good qualities of heart and life will secure it. All that is respectable, and amiable, and benevolent, they attribute to themselves, and claim boldly the merit of a useful life. Can we wonder, then, that with such inadequate views of God—with such high thoughts of themselves—with so much in the heart that is opposed to spiritual religion, they should altogether reject the Gospel of Christ?

Nor need we be surprised, that in the conduct of such persons before their fellow-creatures, there should be many things to commend. Much of this may be accounted for from the circumstances of life in which they have been placed. They may from early life have associated with those who sustained a high character for kindness and integrity. The principles of honesty and benevolence may have been early instilled into their minds; and being also placed in affluence or comfort, there has been no temptation to do any thing mean or dishonourable. Besides, they have heard benevolent actions extolled as the very essence of virtue, and being naturally of a kind disposition, they have the more readily performed those actions. The grosser vices (at least their display before men) have been described to them as injurious to health, property, and reputation, and they have abstained from many of these.

There is, however, another way, by which we may account for the conduct of such persons, even while they reject true religion; and perhaps what is about to be mentioned, has the most powerful effect upon some minds. Thus it may safely be affirmed, that the very religion which they will not acknowledge to be true,—that very system, which they declare to be unable, beneficially to influence the morals of men, even when believed, has yet produced a good effect upon them. They may not be willing to admit the fact, but it is nevertheless true. A brief reference to this view of the subject, may therefore be useful.

Had these individuals been born in a country where Christianity is unknown, they might have been amiable, as it regarded their natural disposition, but they would not have had the same opportunities of displaying their benevolence. Mere science and philosophy, or ci-

vilization, will not of themselves produce kindly dispositions, or incline to their exercise if they already exist. We look in vain, during the brightest days of Greece and Rome, for institutions like those which adorn our country. The purest of their ethical systems never produced the thousandth part of the tender and benevolent effects which Christianity has directly and indirectly produced. These individuals, therefore, from the existence of philanthropic institutions around them, and the example of others, are inclined to assist them with their property and their influence. And how often is all this ascribed to the exercise of reason, or to the native goodness of their own hearts! pp. 91—93.

ART. X. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Dymond and Dawson, of Exeter, are about to publish, a Map of England and Wales, upon a new Plan, in which Numerals and Letters are substituted for the Names of Places and Rivers; the former being used to denote the Places, while the latter designate the Rivers: with an Explanatory Key, including a brief Description of the Counties, Places, and Rivers laid down in it, &c. &c.

In the Press, a revised Edition of the Life and Works of Richard Hooker. With an Introduction, additional Notes, and a characteristic Portrait, finely engraved by E. Finden, after Hollar. By a careful collation with the genuine and earliest copies of this celebrated Author's respective productions, the numerous passages in the subsequent editions, which have been either accidentally rendered obscure, or perverted by conjectural interpolations, are restored to their primary and true reading. Those obscurities, too, which Time had brought upon many brilliant and piquant controversial points in the "Ecclesiastical Polity," are elucidated by apposite Notes; and the Editor has ventured occasionally to remark on the sentiments of the Author, and to discuss some of the subjects of his Works.

In the Press, The Heraldry of Crests, containing nearly 3500 Crests, from Engravings by the late I. P. Elven; with the Bearers' Names alphabetically arranged, and Remarks, Historical and Explanatory; forming a Companion to Clark's "Easy Introduction to the Study of Heraldry."

Preparing for publication, The Work of the Holy Spirit in Conversion, considered in its relation to the Condition of Man and the Administration of God. By John Howard Hinton, M.A.

In the Press, The Early Reformation in Spain, and some Account of the Inquisition. Translated from the French, by the late A. F. Ramsay, Esq. M.D. With a Memoir of the Translator.

Thoughts on the present State of Religion in England, its Impediments, and the Means of Advancement, are preparing for the Press.

Mr. Hood, the Author of "Whims and Oddities", has a new Work in the Press, entitled *Epping Hunt*. It describes the Adventures of a worthy Citizen, who joins the Easter Hunt, and will be illustrated with several first-rate Engravings on Wood, after the Designs of Mr. George Cruikshank.

Just published, the new Edition of Calmet's *Biblical Encyclopædia*, in Five Vols. 4to, much improved; with Additions from authentic Sources, New Maps, &c.

Practical Suggestions and Discourses intended to aid a Reformation of the Christian Churches, and the Revival of Religion in Individuals, Families, and Communities. By Charles Moase.

ART. XI. WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of John Locke, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common Place Books. By Lord King. 4to.

Memoirs of the King of Sweden; illustrative of his Character, of his Relations with the Emperor Napoleon, and of the present state of his Kingdoms, with a Discourse on the Political Character of Sweden. By William George Meredith, Esq. A.M. of Brazen-nose College, Oxford. 8vo. 12s.

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Conversations on Vegetable Physiology,

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The Nature and Duration of the Papal Apostacy: a Discourse delivered before the Monthly Association of Congregational Ministers and Churches. By Robert Vaughan. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

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A Journal through Norway, Lapland, and part of Sweden, with some Remarks on the Geology of the Country, its climate and scenery; the ascent of some of its mountains; statistical tables; &c. By the Rev. Robert Everest, A.M. F.G.S., late of University College, Oxon. 8vo. 14s.

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